

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3410. — VOL. CXXV.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1904.

SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



KINDNESS TO THE FALLEN FOE: A JAPANESE SOLDIER GIVING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN REFRESHMENT AND CIGARETTES.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This is the season when the scribe, who has to unbosom himself every week, yearns for a spot where he can take a detached view of public affairs. At home he is a slave to the impressions and suggestions which spring from the quarter of a mile of London pavement he treads daily. His friends, from whom he has wrung every original idea they possess, are of no more use to him than squeezed lemons. Worse still, they regard him with a dissatisfied air, as who should say, "My good man, it is your business, not ours, to be entertaining. Please don't behave like the scrap of old newspaper which is blown into our eyes on a dusty highway." That is the sort of image which makes the galled jade wince! The scribe reflects that if he must juggle professionally with the shreds and patches of rather aged topics, he had better get a little freshness by changing his venue. With this inspiration I found myself at Ostend, in charming and familiar quarters at the Palace Hotel, having snatched the spell of glassy sea between two gales. The excellent steamers of the Belgian service, I should like to add, have this peculiar merit: that it is only their decks I can tread with the assurance of an ancient sea-dog. When other decks and other seas their tales of woe shall tell, mine will be a pretty conspicuous figure in the chronicle of undignified misery. What I suffered in childhood's hapless hour, thy winds, O Mid-Atlantic, could unfold, were anybody competent to translate them into poetry. Mere prose would spoil their weird laments.

Ostend is remarkably cheerful, despite her serious bereavement. She does not, like Niobe, sit down and weep for her children—her pet roulette and her darling trente-et-quarante, torn from her arms by a ruthless law. Not all her little ones were extinguished at one fell swoop. Baccarat is still the solace of her maternal heart. The law which put down public gambling in Belgium does not regard baccarat as a gambling game. It is as harmless as cribbage, and free from the stigma which Mrs. Battle fixed upon that pastime. She objected to the technical phrase, "There's a go," which she considered vulgar. Baccarat, I understand, is played in the club at the Ostend Kursaal with spotless refinement, and a proper consciousness of its legalised innocence. The Cercle des Sports, which has a gilded saloon at the Palace Hotel, treats its members to baccarat after dinner. From the repose of their manners, I surmise that the game has acquired the virtue of grace after meals. Here and there a venerable punter shakes his head and assures you that the glory of Ostend is departed. There came to the Palace Hotel one evening Inaudi, the calculator, who does prodigious sums in his head with his back turned to the blackboard on which the figures are laboriously chalked by an assistant. My venerable punter sighed deeply. "Time was, said he, 'when at this hour we should have been at the roulette-table, doing our own sums with a card and a pencil, and turning them into money. And now we are sitting here like so many schoolboys at the arithmetic lesson! You mark my words, Ostend can't last!'"

Naturally I asked him what he came for, and he said rather lamely that it was force of habit. Habit, I noticed, made him spend more time in the sea air, and less in the atmosphere of gilded saloons. Ostend has still the smiling freshness and the saucy gaiety unknown to the humdrum seaside of our incomparable island. The islander feels a cosmopolitan buoyancy on his morning promenade; he finds to his surprise that it is possible to be cheerful without the help of coloured minstrels. When his soul craves for music, he can sit in the Kursaal and listen to some of the best musicians in Europe for a franc. If his instincts are "horsey," there is a racecourse to gratify them, not to mention a highly-respectable mount to be hired by the hour. If he is a student of modes and manners, he will have ample scope for observation on the Digue and in the restaurants. Attached to the Kursaal is an Exposition des Arts de la Mode Féminine for fifty centimes. It is somewhat of a superfluity, for the visitor can save his fifty centimes, and content his eye with the exposition which passes before him morning and evening. If his tastes are domestic, there is a panorama of family felicity spread out for him on the sands, gay with bunting and the prattle of babes in diverse tongues. A newsboy comes along; and instead of the familiar cry of "All the winners!" the islander hears the stentorian invitation, "Demandez le *Journal de Roubaix*!" This, no doubt, is a most deserving print at Roubaix; but why anybody should be expected to read it elsewhere is a problem which engages your curiosity until it is time to drop in at Nopenney's for a toothsome snack and a harmless American drink.

Well, I have left Ostend for another haunt of agreeable memories—the Château Royal d'Ardenne, where one sojourns with the pleasant fancy that there is an illustrious host somewhere on the premises, who

will summon one to the Presence Chamber to receive a decoration instead of the hotel bill. I never lose the illusion that I shall be roused in the morning by the horn of the royal huntsman, and that when I look out of my window he will beckon to me with a gracious hand, and intimate in stately idioms that I had better hasten to join the chase. Yes, there goes the cavalcade through the woods; and here comes a retainer of the Château to attire me swiftly in green breeches, enormous boots, a hat with a plume, a *couteau de chasse* to hang by my side, and a nice curly horn to sling over my shoulder. By St. Hubert, this is a goodly show! I blow a merry note on the trumpet just to assure my host that he may count on me when the wild boar of Ardenne turns at bay, and there is need for a cool hand with the carving knife. There will be no muddle with this business, I can tell you, as there was with the blast of that dread horn, on Fontarabian echoes borne, that to King Charles did come. If Roland brave and Olivier, and many a paladin and peer, are feeling uneasy about the tusks of that wild boar, they will be all right when they see me with my *couteau de chasse*, bounding on the scene just in the nick of time.

Alack! there is a knock at my door, and instead of the retainer with my green breeches, enter the waiter with the morning coffee. True, I hear the blast of the horn, and a faint perfume of petrol is wafted through the window. The Château is a house of call for motor-cars. But deep in the delicious woods there are odours which make you forget the horrid engines of modern man. Round the small lake circle dragon-flies of monstrous size: they have grown several inches, I observe, since I was here four years ago. Down the ravine purls the little Yvonne to join the shining river. There is a legend of the Château that trout may be seen leaping in the moonlight; but that they have ever leapt as far as the restaurant there seems to be no trustworthy evidence. The pious vows of golfers may be heard in the glades. "How happy you must be in a bunker!" I remark to one of them. "How's that?" queries he. "Why, then you abandon yourself to the poetry of the scene. And when the ball is lost you forget your mean and earthly score, and imagine you are in quest of the Holy Grail!" "Not much, I guess," says he briefly. But then he is American, and I am no golfer.

It profanes the magic of Ardenne to loiter in the reading-room and gather from the journals what is happening in the cities. But the innocent luxury of wood and fern has a heightened charm when I read in the *Times* the letter of a medical man, protesting against the habits of the House of Commons. How can legislators be calm and judicial, he asks, when they sit till midnight late into the summer, listening to speeches and moving amendments? If the session ended with July, and the House never sat after eleven o'clock, we should see none of the irritable obstinacy which wastes so much time. Guileless medical man! He ascribes our famous party spirit to a purely physical cause. He would cure it with a prescription. This might serve if it was applied by Mr. Speaker, and if he had the supreme authority of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. She had so many children—say six hundred and seventy—that she didn't know what to do; but she hit upon the happy expedient of giving them short commons, whipping them all round, and packing them off to bed. But a reformed bedtime, I fear, is no remedy for the ills which disorganise the Parliamentary machine. Even if the House of Commons were to meet here at Ardenne, where nothing is obstinate save the inquisitive friendliness of the grasshopper, acrimonious points of order would flutter the ducks which slumber on the pool, unhaunted by threatening dreams of green peas.

I remember when the closure was new at Westminster—how fiercely it was denounced as the tyrannical extinction of our liberties. Since then every Government in turn has used the closure to pass its measures; and still the gentlemen on the wrong side of the Speaker's Chair have called heaven and earth to witness this bitter injustice. There is talk now of fixing a term for the discussion of a Bill: so many sittings for the second reading, committee, report, and third reading. This seems rational enough when you think of it at Ardenne among the grasshoppers. An intelligent grasshopper, I am sure, could easily be made to see the propriety and expediency of this course. But then he is not a party politician out of office. To fix a term for debate on every Bill is to curb the ingenuity and loquacity of many of those six hundred and seventy children who dwell in Britannia's Shoe. The minority do not want to make things smooth for the majority who hold the shoe-strings. Members who shine before their constituents as possessors of divinely-illuminated consciences which prompt them to draft obstructive amendments behold the hand of tyranny in any device for restricting their sphere of beneficence. In fine, Parliamentary human nature is against the provision of facilities for legislation and the saving of public time.

IN FAME'S BY-PATHS.

VI.—A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MAHAN.

A proverb has been defined as the wisdom of many crystallised by the wit of one. More than one great doctrine, startling though it may have sounded to some at the time of its first promulgation by the genius who knew how to state it, was likewise in solution, and was even recognised by a few, long ere the magician caused the unessentials to evaporate, and left the clear truth visible to all. Thus, there were evolutionists like Locke and Lord Monboddo before ever Darwin, Spencer, and Wallace were thought of; and similarly there were men who understood the theory of sea-power before ever Alfred Thayer Mahan began to write his famous series of books. But these did not write long treatises about the influence of sea-power upon history. Merely mentioning the subject in passing, they showed, it is true, that they understood the importance of it; yet they did not elaborate it.

There is, however, one brief treatise, written about five hundred years before Mahan was born, which concerns itself exclusively with this topic, and which, I think, deserves to be remembered as the earliest formal exposition of the doctrine that sea-power is the very life of England. The name of the author is unknown, although there is some show of reason for connecting the pamphlet with Bishop Adam de Moleyns, of Chichester, who was murdered at Portsmouth in 1450. Be that as it may, it was probably inspired, and certainly revised, by Walter, first Baron Hungerford, K.G., sometime Lord Treasurer of England, and one of the greatest soldiers and sea-fighters of the age of Agincourt.

Mahan regards sea-power mainly in its military aspect. The author of "De Politia Conservativa Maris" looks at it primarily in its commercial aspect, though he by no means neglects the military side. Better known as "The Libel of English Policie," the treatise, which is in English decasyllabic rhymed couplets, must have been written between 1426 and 1437. I cannot discover when first it was printed, but it is to be found in the first volume of Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations." Its general scope may be judged from the introductory prose paragraph, which runs: "Here beginneth the Prologue of the Processe of the Libel of English Policie, exhorting all England to keep the Sea, and namely the Narrow Sea; shewing what Profite cometh therof, and also what Worship and Salvation to England, and to all Englishmen." It contains twelve short chapters, the first ten of which are devoted to systematic surveys of the value and importance of the trade between England and other countries; one of the objects of the author being to show that England's material interests rendered it incumbent upon her to police the seas and to keep them peaceful by the maintenance of a powerful and efficient navy; and another being to insist that the majority of other countries were so dependent upon their sea-borne trade, and upon England's goodwill with regard to it, that a British Sovereign possessed of a strong fleet wielded a weapon which had an economical as well as a purely military importance. The eleventh chapter recalls the naval glories of England under Edgar and under Edward III., and pleads for the construction of larger ships than then existed in the country; and the twelfth, after some recapitulation, exhorts the people never to forget that upon the maintenance of the dominion of the sea depend mainly the peace, plenty, and prosperity of the island.

The German Emperor of that age was the able Sigismund, in some respects the fifteenth-century prototype of the Kaiser Wilhelm of the present day. A warm friend of Henry VI., whom he visited in England, he was much interested at one time in the very questions which are discussed in the "Libel"; and as Hungerford had been attached to his suite in 1416, it may well be that the little treatise owes some of its inspiration to the travelling monarch.

Hungerford came of an old Wiltshire family, the main stock of which is now represented by the Earl of Loudoun, who, among other honours, holds the Barony of Hungerford to this day. Hungerford's father, Sir Thomas, is famous as having been the first Speaker of the House of Commons upon the formal establishment of that high office in 1376. The son, Walter, after having served with great distinction on shore, and especially at Calais and at Agincourt, was suddenly appointed admiral of the fleet which was collected in 1416 for the relief of Harfleur, then held by the English, but beleaguered by sea as well as by land by the French. Thomas, Earl of Dorset, Admiral of England, was within the besieged town, and was prevented temporarily from exercising his proper functions; but Hungerford was given good and tried assistants in the persons of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon; John, Lord Clifford; and Sir Edward Courtenay. Thomas, fourth Lord Morley, also headed a contingent; yet, because the expedition was to be a military as well as a naval one, the supreme conduct of the whole of it was entrusted to John, Duke of Bedford, third son of Henry IV. Thus Hungerford's share in what followed was somewhat overshadowed. After the fleet had been delayed and even driven back by heavy weather, it entered the mouth of the Seine on Aug. 14, 1416, and found itself in presence of the enemy. On the following morning, after the English had gone to prayers, they weighed and attacked. The battle was hot for five or six hours; for, although the French were probably at a numerical disadvantage, they were assisted by several large Genoese carracks. Finally, however, victory declared itself for Bedford and Hungerford. In killed alone the French lost 1500 men, including Jean de Braquemont, son of the Admiral of France, while the English lost not more than 100. The story of the fight is told in "The Libel of English Policie."

Hungerford, who was first summoned to Parliament as a Baron in 1426, died in 1449, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, where he had founded a chantry.

W. LAIRD CLOWES.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

Two facts which have come to light in connection with the Shantung battle are most significant. In the first place, Rear-Admiral Reitzenstein states in his dispatch that at nine o'clock on the morning of Aug. 10 the Russian Commander-in-Chief hoisted the signal for the fleet to make for Vladivostok. Secondly, the officers of the *Tzarevitch* announce that the last signal made by Admiral Witoff before he was killed, which must have been about six p.m., was: "Remember the Emperor's order not to return to Port Arthur." It is evident from these two signals that the fleet was not making a sortie; it was endeavouring to escape: its purpose was not to fight, but to flee. Moreover, this was not a course taken deliberately and as part of a long-thought-out and well-digested strategical plan, but was, as Admiral Avellan confesses, forced on the Russian fleet by the Japanese guns firing into the port. The tactics of the beaten side are thus explained to have been those of desperate men acting on counsel of despair, since it is unlikely that the battle-ships could have carried sufficient coal to take them to Vladivostok after fighting a battle.

On the other hand, Admiral Togo had but one object in view, and this was to destroy his enemy. When, therefore, it was reported to him that the Russian fleet was again coming out, he made his dispositions for the purpose of preventing a repetition of the fiasco of June 23. He had no intention of permitting them to return to port if he could prevent it. The Russian force consisted of the battle-ships *Tzarevitch* (flag), *Retvisan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet* (flag), *Sevastopol*, and *Poltava*, with the cruisers *Askold* (flag), *Pallada*, *Diana*, and *Novik*. The Japanese fleet appears to have consisted of the battle-ships *Mikasa* (flag), *Asahi*, *Shikishima*, *Yashima*, and *Fuji*, with the armoured cruisers *Nisshin*, *Kasuga*, and *Yakumo*, the second-class battle-ship *Chin-Yen*, and the protected cruisers *Matsushima*, *Akikishima*, *Hashidate*, *Kasagi*, *Chitose*, *Idzumi*, and *Takasago*. There were also present from thirty to forty torpedo-craft of various kinds. It is not quite clear from the reports whether all of these vessels got into action; apparently they did not, as the casualties were confined to the *Mikasa*, *Yakumo*, *Nisshin*, *Kasuga*, the *Chin-Yen*, the *Idzumi*, and the destroyer *Asagiri*. Rear-Admiral Reitzenstein says that one squadron, composed of four battle-ships and two armoured cruisers, was "steaming so as to cross our course," while other vessels of the enemy were "on the horizon." It was the above-mentioned squadron that somewhere about half-past twelve "suddenly turned and went back on its course," while the Russian line "wheeled to the right" and separated from the Japanese by "steering in a zigzag course." It is probable that either in transmission or in translation this description of the opening phase of the fight has been twisted from its original meaning, but the one word "separated" indicates that the Russians attempted to get away, Admiral Togo having already made to his ships the signal for battle. "At one p.m.," says Commander Ogura, of the *Mikasa*, "the action began," and both he and Rear-Admiral Reitzenstein agree that for two hours and a half the antagonists pursued as nearly as possible a parallel course, keeping up a furious cannonade the whole time. "Twice," says the Japanese commander, "the lines approached, and twice they receded"; while the Russian Admiral says of the same operation that "both fleets continued to manoeuvre in a zigzag." The only injury reported in this first action occurred to the *Askold*, which was struck in the forward funnel by a shell, which rendered the forward boiler useless; but it is impossible to believe that no other serious damage was done. In the interval of about an hour which elapsed before the fleets again came into action, the Japanese appear to have been reinforced by some cruisers, while the Russian cruisers were now drawn out of line and took up position on the port beam.

When (about five o'clock) the Japanese again bore down on the Russian ships, the latter opened the ball, concentrating their fire on the *Mikasa*. For another hour the combat went on, and then, when darkness fell, the Russians scattered and fled.

Turning to the other action, that of Admiral Kamimura in the Straits of Korea, the Russian tactics are seen to be of the same character. Although the three cruisers *Rurik*, *Rossia*, and *Gromoboi* are, at least on paper, a fair match for the four Japanese vessels of the *Idzumi* type, no sooner did Rear-Admiral Jessen catch sight of the latter than, "steaming at full speed," he made a course to the north-east, "with the object of reaching the open sea." In other words, he tried his best to get away. Bolder policy on the part of Admirals Witoff and Jessen would most certainly have resulted in greater loss to the Japanese, while it could not have left the Russians in worse plight.

THE GRAND.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN HARROGATE.

A MOST BEAUTIFUL AND COMFORTABLE HOTEL.

No Charge for Attendance.

TAGLIAVIA RENATO, Manager.

CORNWALL.

The Pleasure-Ground of England.
Before going there do not fail to write to the Manager of

KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE HOTEL,

TINTAGEL.

for the tariff of this high-class Hotel, situated amidst the historic scenes of the Arthurian Legend, and the most picturesque scenery in Cornwall.
Every Comfort. Easy Access. Good Cooking and Cellar.
Moderate Prices.
Information as to Route, Trains, &c., on application to the Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NEW ROUTE TO AND FROM

BELFAST

AND THE

NORTH OF IRELAND.

Via HEYSHAM.

EXPRESS SERVICE commencing SEPTEMBER 1.

						Weekdays.
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep.	p.m.
HEYSHAM	arr.	5 0
..	dep.	10 45
..	arr.	11 0
BELFAST	arr. (about)	a.m.
						5 30

BELFAST	dep.	p.m.	11 30	a.m.	11 30
HEYSHAM	arr.	9 0
..	dep.	4 25
..	arr.	5 20
LONDON (St. Pancras)	arr.	11 20

Dining Car London to Heysham. Breakfast Car Heysham to London.

THE TRAINS RUN ALONGSIDE THE STEAMERS AT HEYSHAM.

LUGGAGE TRANSFERRED FREE.

1st Class and Saloon.	3rd Class and Saloon.	3rd Class and Steerage.
Single.	Single.	Single.
45s.	28s. 6d.	21s.
75s.	45s. 9d.	35s. 6d.
Derby, 1904.		

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
WEEK-DAY FAST THROUGH TRAINS AND BOAT SERVICE—

FROM	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria	..	10 30	11 35	1 42	3 55	4 55	5 55	6 55	7 55
London Bridge	..	10 25	11 30	1 37	3 50	4 50	5 50	6 50	7 50
Portsmouth	..	12 55	1 30	2 16	3 47	4 22	5 53	6 39	7 40
Ryde	..	1 50	2 20	3 5	4 30	5 15	6 35	7 45	8 40
Sandown	2 54	3 38	4 57	5 45	7 3	8 19	9 3
Shanklin	3 0	3 30	4 15	5 0	7 3	8 25	9 8
Ventnor	3 12	3 38	4 15	5 0	7 18	8 37	9 20
Cowes	3 18	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 5	9 10	9 20
Newport	2 55	4 7	6 15	8 35	8 35	8 35	9 55
Freshwater	3 35	5 10	7 0	9 30	9 30	9 30	—

Details of Supt. of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RY.

PARIS & SWITZERLAND.—Cheapest & Most Picturesque

Route via NEWHAVEN & DIEPPE. Express Services leave London 10.0 a.m. & 8.50 p.m. daily. Fast Mail Steamers & Corridor Trains. Through carriages & Restaurant Car by accelerated Day Service between Dieppe & Paris-Lyon for Switzerland, Italy, etc. Improved Bookings to all parts. Swiss Season Tickets and Tours. Week-End Tickets to Dieppe.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

EXPRESS EXCURSIONS AT CHEAP FARES.

EVERY SATURDAY TO CHESTER, SOUTHPORT, LIVERPOOL, DOUGLAS (Isle of Man), and NORTH WEST COAST.
SCARBOROUGH, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, HARROGATE, GRIMSBY, CLEETHORPES, and NORTH EAST COAST.

EVERY WEDNESDAY TO BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, ST. ANNES, FLEETWOOD, &c.

WEEK-END TICKETS issued every Friday and Saturday to SEASIDE and PLEASURE RESORTS.

From MARYLEBONE—the nearest WEST-END Station for the NORTH.

See A.B.C. Programme, which can be obtained, free, at Marylebone Station and Company's Town Offices or Agencies.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY, IRELAND.

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAMED LAKES OF KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKNASILLA (an Ideal Tourist Resort), CARAGH LAKE, WATERVILLE, GLENGARRIFF, KILKEE (the Brighton of Ireland), LEHINCH (famous Golf Links), BLARNEY (celebrated Hydro and Castle), THE SHANNON LAKES.

LUXURIOUS DINING AND DRAWING-ROOM CORRIDOR CARRIAGES.

SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED HOTELS, under the Management of the Company, at KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKNASILLA, WATERVILLE, and CARAGH LAKE. Combined Rail and Hotel Tickets issued in connection with these Hotels. FAST EXPRESS CORRIDOR TRAINS RUN DURING TOURIST SEASON.

Tourists are recommended to provide themselves with the Company's beautifully Illustrated Guide, "THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND," post free for Twelve Penny Stamps.

Programme of Tours, and all information respecting Hotels, Fares, Travel, &c., can be obtained from SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin; or Messrs. J. Wallis and Sons, 33, Bachelor's Walk, Dublin; Messrs. C. W. Bullock and Co., 23, Lime Street, Liverpool; Geo. K. Turnham, 2, Charing Cross, London, W.; or any of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son's Offices.

C. H. DENT, General Manager.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLE'S."

The only Animal Circus in the World.

As performed before their Majesties THE KING and QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY at Buckingham Palace. Daily, 3 and 8. Prices, from 1s. Children half-price. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone, 4138 Gerrard. Oxford Circus Station.

Admission 1s. From 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

ITALIAN COMMERCIAL AND FINE ART SECTIONS.

WORKING EXHIBITS IN THE ITALIAN VILLAGE.

Band of Royal Irish Fusiliers. Exhibition Bersaglieri Band.

VENICE-BY-NIGHT. OPEN ALL DAY. Admission 6d.; after 7 p.m., 1s. Canals, Bridges, Shops, Cafés, Public Buildings, Gondolas, and all the Exquisite Features of the Queen City of the Adriatic. Venetian Serenade Troupe. Masaniello Neapolitan Troupe.

SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING MACHINES. THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI. ST. PETER'S, ROME.

"LA SCALA" THEATRE OF VARIETIES. A Continuous Show from 2 p.m. THE DUC D'ABRUZZI'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION AND BIOGRAPH.

Roman Forum, Electric Butterflies, Fairy Fountains, Vestal Virgins, Musée Grévin, &c. ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

HARWICH

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE.

HOOK OF HOLLAND—QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY. Daily (Sundays included) at 8.30 p.m. from Liverpool Street Station. CORRIDOR TRAIN. DINING AND BREAKFAST CAR. TABLE D'HÔTE DINNER AND BREAKFAST. Accelerated Service to Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna, and Munich. THROUGH CARRIAGES and RESTAURANT CARS between the Hook of Holland, Be. En, Cologne and Bâle.

ANTWERP, for Brussels (for the Field of Waterloo) and The Ardennes every Week-day at 8.40 p.m., from Liverpool Street Station.

DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are Twin-Screw Vessels, lighted throughout by Electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

ESBJERG, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL adjoins the London terminus. Particulars of H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

ON THE

BRACING NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, AND ESSEX COAST.

YARMOUTH. LOWESTOFT. GORLESTON. CROMER. MUNDESEY. CLACTON. WALTON. HUNSTANTON. FELIXSTOWE. DOVERCOURT. ALDEBURGH. SOUTHWOLD. SOUTHEND. BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH. HARWICH.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY to TUESDAY TICKETS.

IMPROVED EXPRESS SERVICE—

YARMOUTH in 2 hrs. 30 mins.

LOWESTOFT in 2 hrs. 30 mins.

CROMER in 2 hrs. 55 mins.

BREAKFAST and DINING CARS.

SUPPER TRAIN to CLACTON on Saturdays.

YACHTING, FISHING, GOLFING; COMBINED RAIL AND BOAT TOURS and many other attractions.

DAILY CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO

SOUTHEND, CLACTON, WALTON, HARWICH.

All particulars and "Farmhouse and Country Lodgings List" free by post on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.—For particulars apply at the London

Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

NATAL, ORANGE RIVER COLONY, TRANSVAAL, AND EAST AFRICA.

The best and cheapest route is via Durban.

THE ABERDEEN LINE OF DIRECT STEAMERS.

Regular Sailings. Surgeon and Stewardess carried. Excellent Cuisine. Electric Light.

Full particulars will be sent to intending passengers on application to the owners—JOHN T. RENNIE, SON & CO., 4, EAST INDIA AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

SUMMER CRUISES.

From LONDON, round the BRITISH ISLES, August 30.

From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to CAITHNESS and the ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times a week, from May 1 to September 30.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's Management, open from June 1 to September 30.

Comfortable quarters and excellent Cuisine. Grand Rock Scenery and good Loch and Sea Fishing in neighbourhood.

Full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, London; Wordie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 18, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and 1, Tower Place, Leith; and CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen.

O.P.L. CRUISES FOR AUTUMN.

The Orient-Pacific Line will despatch the ss. "CUZCO," 3918 tons' register, from London, Sept. 16, for

SPAIN, PORTUGAL, ALGERIA, &c.

14 days for 12 guineas and upwards.

19 DAYS for 15 guineas and upwards to SICILY, CORFU, GREECE, &c., leaving Marseilles Oct. 1.

14 DAYS for 12 guineas and upwards, leaving Marseilles Oct. 22.

Managers: F. GREEN and CO. Head Offices: ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO. Fenchurch Avenue.

For PASSAGE apply to the latter firm at 5, FENCHURCH AVENUE, E.C., or to West-End Branch Office: 28, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

DIRECT SERVICE TO HAMBURG

in connection with the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich.

By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers "HIRONDELLE" and "PEREGRINE" every Wednesday and Saturday.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) by Continental Express at 8.40 p.m.

First Class Single, 37s. 6d.; Second Class, 25s. 9d.; Return (for 2 months), 50s. 3d. or 38s. 9d.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co. (Limited), 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

P. & O. CRUISING YACHT "VECTIS,"

6000 tons. 6000 h.p.

Aug. 10.—To NORTHERN CAPITALS OF EUROPE.

Sept. 24.—To LISBON, MADRID, &c.

Oct. 21.—To MEDITERRANEAN PORTS and CONSTANTINOPLE.

For particulars apply to West-End Office, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., or to 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

CROMER AND DISTRICT.—THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE will be

forwarded Post Free on receipt of Two Penny Stamps by THE CLERK, CROMER.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.

On THURSDAY, Sept. 1, at 8.30, Miss ADA REEVE will produce

WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW. Box Office now open.

LONDON HIPPODROME,

CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT
MARIENBAD.

takes a stroll entirely unattended, and the other day, on returning from his afternoon walk, the King called at the house of an artist who had not the good fortune to be at home. The servant, on inquiring the visitor's name, received the reply, "Der König von England." The domestic, it is said, was sceptical, and answered, "Anyone can say that." Whereat his Majesty was greatly amused. Among the King's recent guests has been Sir Rudolph Slatin, the Inspector-General of the Soudan. Both the King and his guest called on a silhouette artist and had their portraits cut out, his Majesty reminding him that this was the second time he had sat for these curious pictures. The King introduced Sir Rudolph Slatin as the fourteen years' prisoner of

the Soudan. Accompanied by Mr. Chaplin and Sir Stanley Clarke, the King went in his motor-car on Aug. 22 to visit Prince Trautmannsdorff, at Bischoff Steinitz. His Majesty and party lunched with the Prince and returned to Marienbad in the evening, the entire run being forty miles out and forty miles home.



REAR-ADMIRAL PRINCE
UKHTOMSKI,
TO WHOM REAR-ADMIRAL WITOLT
TRANSFERRED THE COMMAND OF HIS
SQUADRON ON AUGUST 10.

ordinarily memorable from the fact that it was presided over by the Prime Minister. On the evening of Aug. 17 Mr. Balfour delivered his Presidential address in the Corn Exchange before a very large assemblage of scholarly and scientific personages. Among those present were Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Huggins, Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir William Ramsey, Dr. Chase (the Vice-Chancellor), the Master of Trinity, Lord Avebury, and many others. Among the distinguished ladies in the audience was Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. Balfour's sister, the Principal of Newnham, who was entertaining the Prime Minister during his stay in Cambridge. The presidential address was entitled "Reflections on a New Theory of Matter," and, in the course of a long and subtle argument, Mr. Balfour reviewed the progress of our knowledge of the constituents and composition of matter, and in his conclusions seemed to dissociate himself from a purely materialistic view. Theorise about the universe as one may, all our explanations and systems leave one paramount fact unexplained, and that is knowledge itself. On the day following the opening of the ordinary sectional meetings of the Association were begun.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Admiral Sir Henry Frederick Stephenson, whose duty it will now be, as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, in succession to the late General Sir Michael Biddulph, to "require" and "desire" the attendance of the Commons at the Bar of the House of Lords, has had a distinguished career fittingly rewarded by his appointment to one of the few positions remaining in the personal gift of the Sovereign. During the Crimean War Sir Henry was on board the *St. Jean d'Acre* in the Black Sea, and witnessed the capture of Kertch and the fall of Sebastopol; in 1857 he was in the action of Fatshan Creek; and during the Indian Mutiny he did excellent work with the Naval Brigade. He was in command of the gun-boat *Heron* on the Canadian lakes during the Fenian disturbances in 1866; took part in the Polar Expedition of 1875 and 1876, and, as captain of the *Discovery*, was one of those who planted the British flag on the highest point then attained; and he was at Tel-el-Kebir with Lord Wolseley. His commands have included those of the Pacific and Channel Squadrons. The Admiral, who is sixty-two, is a son of the late Mr. Henry Frederick Stephenson by his marriage with Lady Mary Keppel, daughter of the fourth Earl of Albemarle. He married the Hon. Charlotte Keppel, sister of Lord Saltoun and widow of Colonel William Henry Augustus Keppel, last December.



PHOTO. RUSSELL.
ADMIRAL SIR H. F. STEPHENSON,
NEW GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE
BLACK ROD.

By the late Mr. Frederick Andrew Inderwick's retirement from practice last year, the legal profession was robbed of one of its most distinguished members; by his death, on Aug. 16, a host of friends lost a genial and witty companion. Mr. Inderwick, who was born in 1836, was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1858, joined the Home Circuit, and took silk at the early age of thirty-eight. His principal work was done in the Divorce Court: he held briefs in most of the celebrated cases of his time, and gained a reputation not only for being a painstaking and most able lawyer, but as a man who avoided unsavoury details as far as possible, and whose manner with even the most hostile witnesses was essentially genial. As a politician he

was an advanced Liberal. After unsuccessfully contesting Cirencester and Dover, he was elected member of Parliament for Rye, and held the seat until the town's extinction as a Parliamentary borough in 1885. He also fought East Sussex against Lieutenant-Colonel Brookfield, and was an energetic worker at the headquarters of Liberalism. As historian, he was responsible for a volume of essays on the Stuart Kings, "The Interregnum, Studies of monwealth, Social, and 'The Story of King Edward and Chelsea,' of War," Records of Temple." He was elected a the Inner 1877, Master Library in Treasurer in

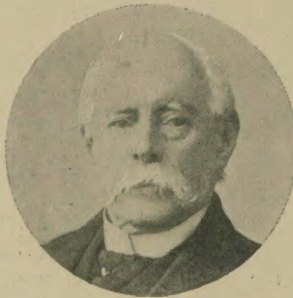


PHOTO. NAUDIN.
THE LATE COLONEL W. W.
KNOLLYS,
DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER AND
MILITARY CRITIC.

Colonel Wallingford who died the elder of Lord Private Secretary to the King, and, of course, son of General Sir William Knollys, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. He was born on Nov. 13, 1832, was educated at Sandhurst, entered the Scots Guards, and served in the Crimea. His official appointments include those of Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, Aide-de-Camp to the General Officer Commanding at Aldershot, Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General for Bengal at Monar and Umballa, and Garrison Instructor in the Home District. He was transferred to the 93rd Foot (Sutherland Highlanders) in 1858. The Colonel was well known as a military writer and critic, wrote "The Diary of the War" for the *Standard* during the Franco-German War from the battle of Sedan to the capitulation of Paris, and acted as Press representative at the French and German manoeuvres on numerous occasions. He married Sophia Elizabeth Tuckfield, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Goldsworthy, of Calcutta, in 1860.

Dr. William Osler, who follows Sir John Burdon Sanderson as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, belongs to the Falmouth Oslers, shipowners and merchants, is a Canadian, and is married to an American. After graduating at McGill University in Montreal in 1872, he studied at University, and in turning to 1874 to fill Physiology at the versity. He Chair of Medicine in vania Uni-at present Professor of ples and Medicine at Hopkins Baltimore. His speciality is cancer, and he is an ardent believer in the necessity of the medical practitioner keeping thoroughly up to date.

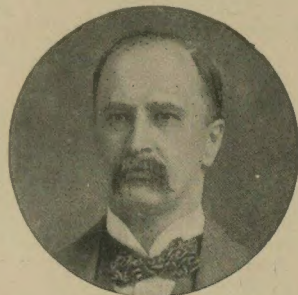


PHOTO. ELLIOTT AND FRY.
DR. WILLIAM OSLER,
NEW REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE
AT OXFORD.

Major George Howard Bretherton, D.S.O., drowned by the sinking of a raft while crossing the Tsangpo, was Chief Supply and Transport Officer of the British Expedition to Lassa, and had earned well-deserved credit for his conduct of his department. Joining the Royal Irish Rifles from the Militia in 1882, he was attached to the India Staff Corps in 1884, served in two Miranzai Expeditions in 1891, was at Fort Mastuj during its investment in the Chitral Campaign of 1895, was Brigade Commissariat Officer to the Peshawar Column during the Tirah Valley operations of 1897 and 1898, and was on special duty in Gilgit and Kashmir. Major Bretherton, who was the son of Mr. Edward Bretherton, of Clifton, was in his forty-fourth year. He married Katherine Murray, eldest daughter of Major-General Richard Dallas Campbell.

Miss Gertrude von Petzold, M.A., has accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church of Narborough Road, Leicester. She is said to be the first lady appointed to England, but it is not unusual to a woman to of a congregation among the Friends the women is to such extent certain cases falls short of



PHOTO. ELLIOTT AND FRY.
MISS GERTRUDE VON
PETZOLD,
IN CHARGE OF THE UNITARIAN
CHURCH, NARBOROUGH ROAD,
LEICESTER.

The trans- the com- Russian Port Arthur Ukhtomski to the Tsar Admiral This officer during the on Aug. 10, Russian vessels attempted a dash for Vladivostok, the flag-ship *Tsarevitch* put about, and, steaming along the line, signalled, "The Admiral transfers the command." The senior Admiral was Rear-Admiral Prince Ukhtomski, "who commanded the Ironclad Division and flew his flag from the *Peresviet*."

THE PRESIDENTIAL
CONTEST.

formally accepted the Democratic nomination. The issue between the two candidates seems to outsiders to be purely personal. The Democrats sum it up by saying that Mr. Parker is American, and Mr. Roosevelt is un-American. Any meaning this distinction may have is easily tested by its application to the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Parker's manifesto declares that the military and naval armaments of the present Administration are in excess of the national needs. But Mr. Parker is just as strongly committed to the Monroe Doctrine as his opponent. Mr. Roosevelt says that it cannot be upheld without a real navy. How does Mr. Parker propose to uphold it? He does not say. He must be well aware that a simple reiteration of the American claim to exclude European dominance from South America will not serve the purpose for all time. We might as well abolish or gravely weaken the British Navy, while informing the world that our commerce would be protected in every sea. That would be a position analogous to Mr. Parker's, but it would not satisfy Englishmen.



PHOTO. PAAR.
THE LATE MAJOR G. H.
BRETHERTON, D.S.O.,
DROWNED IN TIBET.

WELSH
EDUCATION.

Mr. Lloyd-George and his friends continue to proclaim their determination to wreck the Education Act in Wales by disorganising the whole administrative machinery. The wildest part of their procedure is the pretence that they are acting in the spirit of the Constitution. They argue that Parliament has no right to pass any Act distasteful to the people of Wales, whose wishes are expressed through their constitutional representatives. This simply means that a minority in the House of Commons has a constitutional right to break the laws passed by the majority. It is really not worth while to discuss such a contention. It is singular that men who profess to be guided by conscience should resort to a shift so palpable. It is worthy of the passive resisters who maintained that refusal to pay a rate is not law-breaking. The Constitution demands that Acts of Parliament shall be enforced until they are modified or repealed. To resist them as Mr. Lloyd-George proposes is scarcely constitutional.

WHIFFING FOR
POLLACK.

The sport of whiffing for pollack, now in full swing, can be enjoyed at almost any portion of the South Cornish coast, for in that quarter rocks almost invariably form the sea bottom for some miles out, and such a bottom well grown with seaweed affords good pollack-ground. Our Illustrations represent whiffing for pollack on the stretch of coast from the east of Looe to the west of St. Austell Bay. A skilful boatman is an essential, and the sportsman cannot hope for a good day without such a lieutenant. It is a moot point whether a rod should be used or not. For the delights of playing a fish from the reel it is indispensable, but many old fishers swear by the hand-line. In either case the tackle must be fairly fine near the hook. The end bait is generally a sand-eel. The boat is rowed along sufficiently rapidly to keep the line clear of the bottom. It is here that sea craft comes in, and that a complete knowledge of rocks, tides, and currents is of value, for by these the pace of the boat must be regulated. Sometimes a bite is signalled by a bell attached to the "cut"—a piece of wood lashed to an upright cane at the side of the boat near the stern, as shown in our Illustration. With the hand-line, of course, the fisherman feels the bite. The largest fish are always taken above rocks. Sometimes it is advisable to bring up near a large rock, to anchor the boat, and to fish with a deep line straight down.

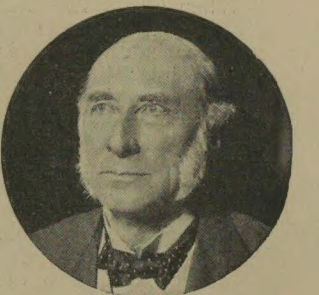
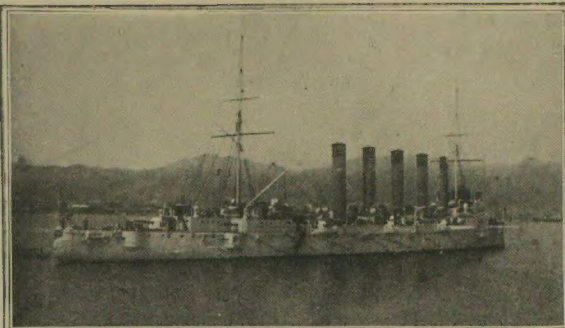


PHOTO. RUSSELL.
THE LATE MR. F. A.
INDERWICK, K.C.,
F. MOUS LAWYER.

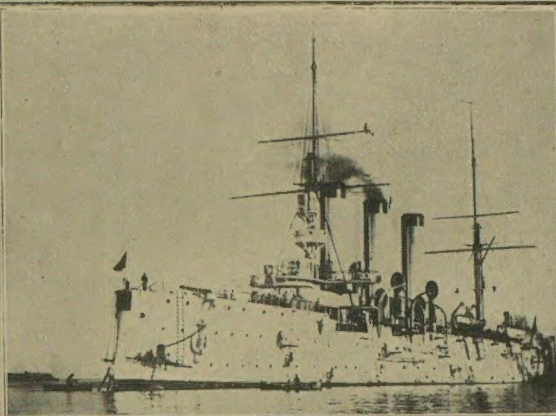
THE BECK
CASE.

It is difficult to see how the Government can resist the demand for a Commission of inquiry into the case of Mr. Adolph Beck. The public wants to know who is responsible for the strange perversity of the Home Office, which first prosecuted Mr. Beck on the baseless assumption that he was somebody else; then admitted that he was not that person, but kept him in prison; and finally prosecuted him a second time on the original theory that he and the "John Smith" of 1877 were one and the same. It was bad enough that at the first trial the evidence for an *alibi* was ruled out by the direction of the Judge. The Home Office said Mr. Beck was John Smith; the Judge refused to allow the Smith case to be reopened; and yet Mr. Beck had to wear a badge indicating that he had been previously convicted for John Smith's crime. His witnesses for the *alibi* could have destroyed the whole case against him; but they were rejected. When they knew he was not the other man, the Home Office made him serve out his sentence all the same; and when he was arrested a second time the police persisted in treating him as John Smith, and Mr. Justice Grantham was kept in ignorance of

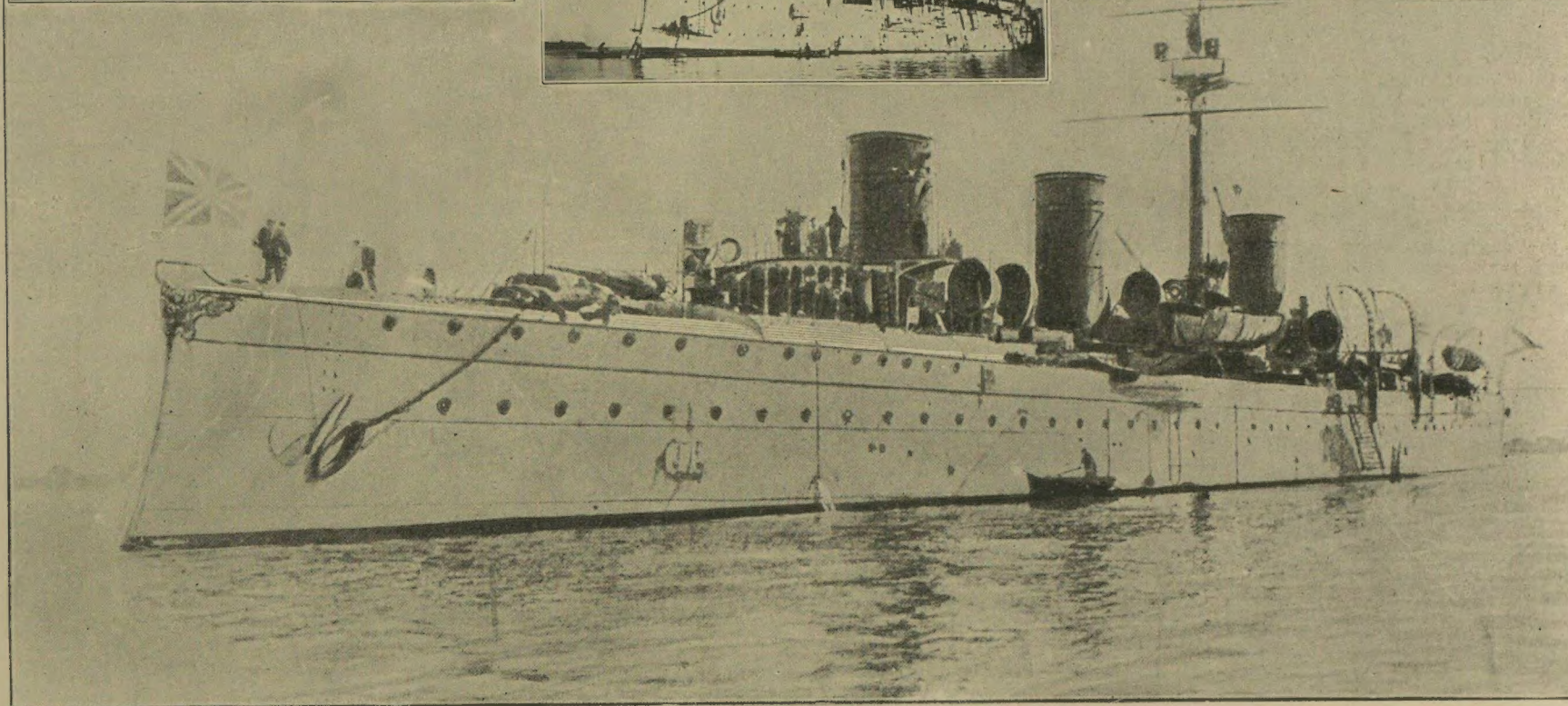
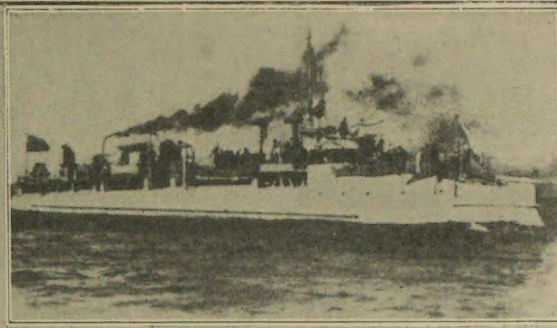
"Askold."



"Diana."



"Grosvoï."



THE END OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET, AND THE QUESTION OF HARBOURAGE IN NEUTRAL PORTS: THE WRECKED CRUISER "NOVIK,"
AND THE VESSELS NOW SHELTERING AT SHANGHAI AND SAIGON.

The "Novik" was driven ashore and destroyed at Korsakov, in Saghalien, by the Japanese war-ship "Tsushima." The "Askold" and "Grosvoï" took refuge in Shanghai, and the question of their disarmament seems likely to lead to international complications, as the Japanese may seize the vessels or bombard them. The "Diana" was for a time unaccounted for; but has now been reported from the French port of Saigon.

THE WATERFALL IN THE GROUNDS OF PETERHOF.

PALACE CHAPEL WHERE THE BAPTISM TOOK PLACE.

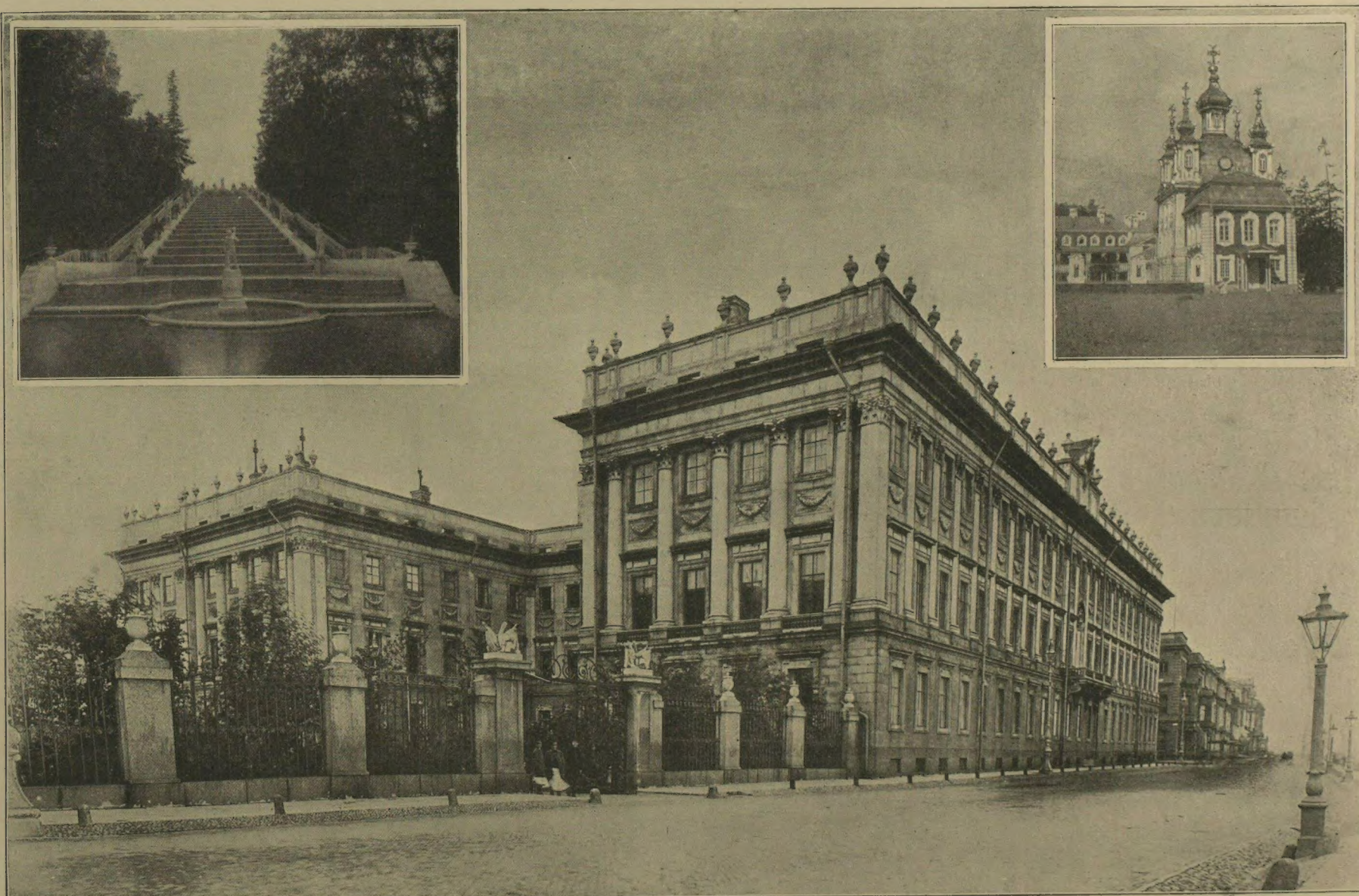
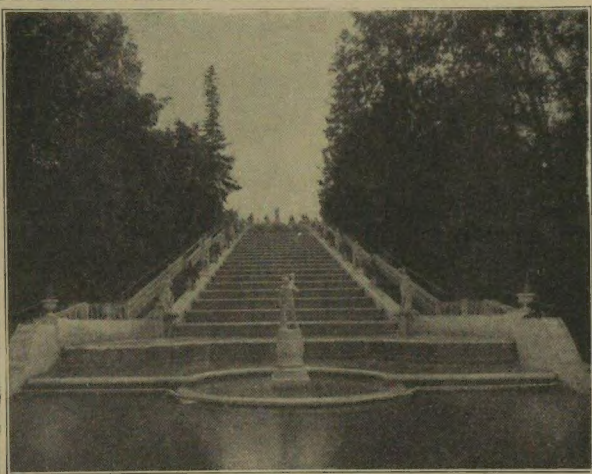


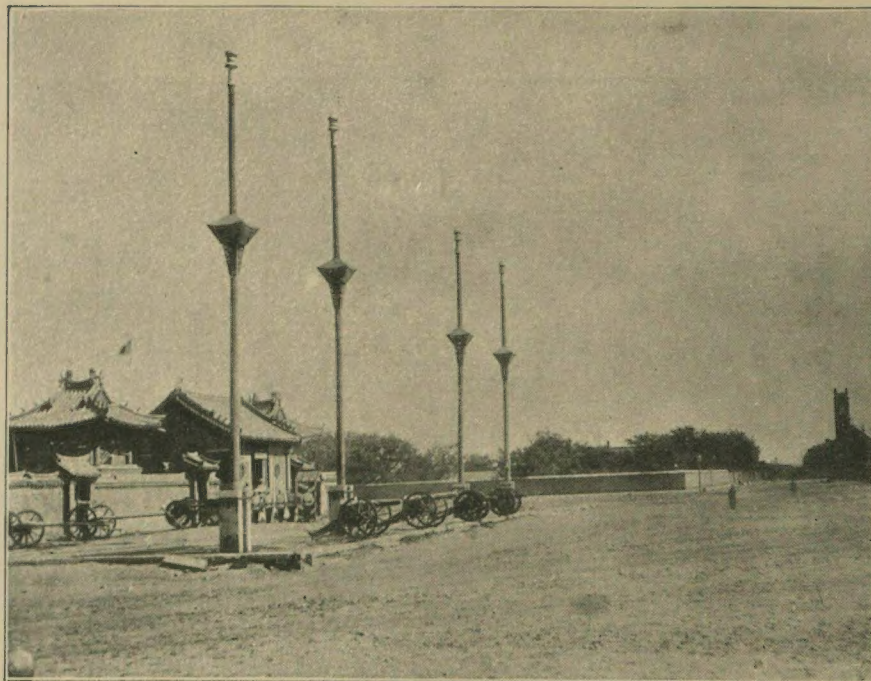
Photo. Russell.

THE SCENE OF THE RUSSIAN CHRISTENING: PETERHOF PALACE.

The Palace at Peterhof bears the same relation to St. Petersburg as Windsor does to London and Potsdam to Berlin. One of the curiosities of the Palace grounds is the famous waterfall staircase, the steps of which are illuminated on special occasions, giving a wonderful effect of coloured light to the cascade which can be made to pour down them.

the facts. What is the source of this stupid animus? To put it all down to the accident of "mistaken identity" will not do. It was malevolently active even after the mistake about identity had been rectified years ago.

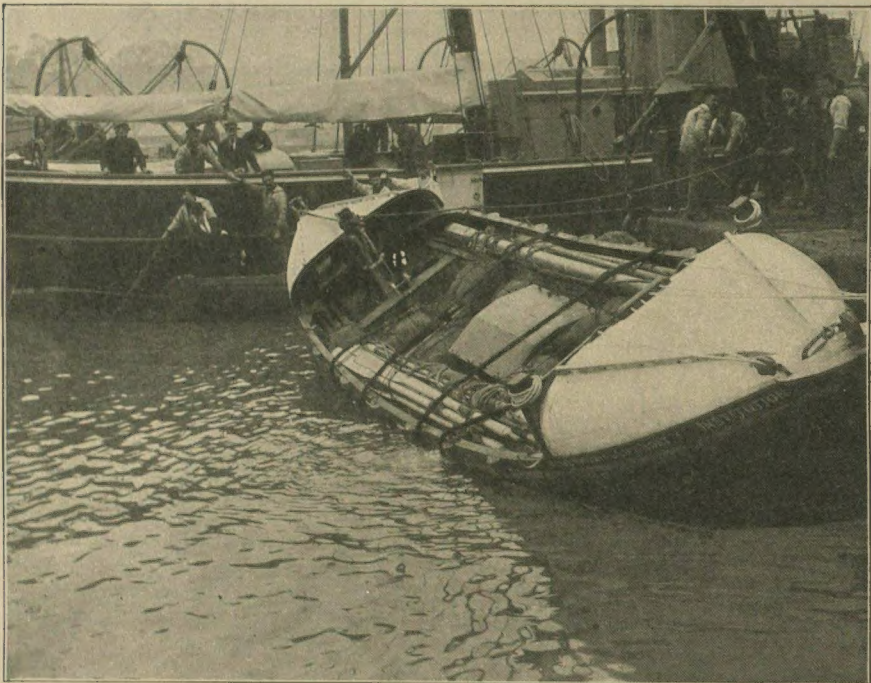
A MOTOR LIFE-BOAT. The Royal National Life-Boat Institution, which is nothing if not abreast of the times, has for years past recognised the possibilities offered by the motor as a means of propelling its craft, and thus lessening the strain placed upon the crew when oars and sails are alone depended upon, and is now the possessor of an experimental boat. Deciding to fit an old life-boat with a motor, in order that experiments might be made without excessive cost, the Institution selected one formerly stationed at Folkestone, and had a cylinder motor of 10-horse power fitted. The engine drives a three-bladed propeller through a long shaft with a disconnecting clutch between, so that for starting the engine or stopping temporarily the screw can be disconnected from the engine. The petrol which supplies the motive power is carried in a metal tank stored away inside the forward "end" box, where it is beyond any possibility of accidental



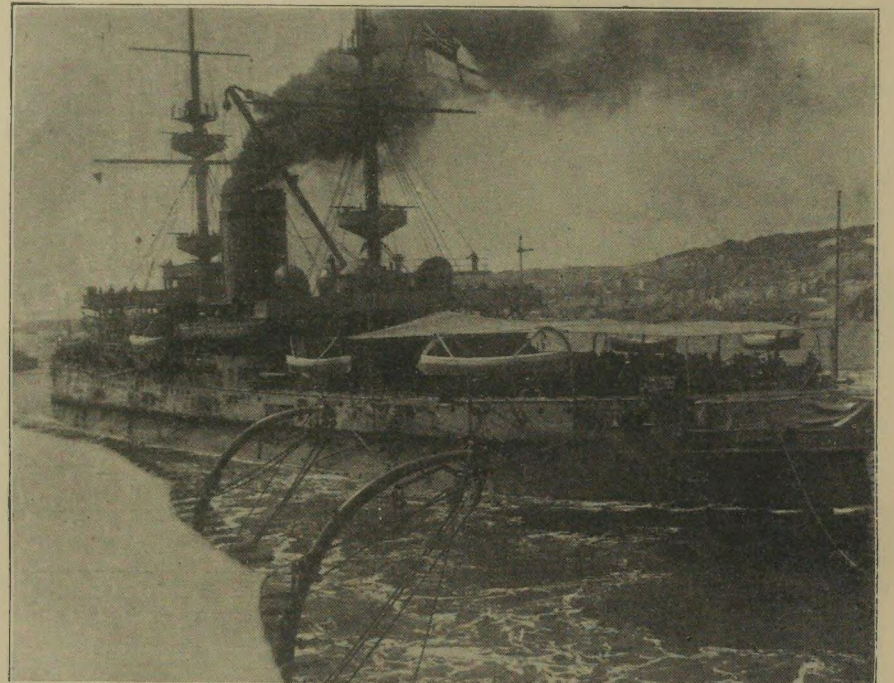
FROM SANCTUARY TO MILITARY BUREAU: A BUDDHIST TEMPLE CONVERTED BY THE RUSSIANS INTO THEIR HEADQUARTERS STAFF OFFICE, NEWCHWANG.

raise a fighting force. The Dalai Lama is still at a distance from Lassa. It would appear that he and the National Assembly are playing at the ancient game of Spenlow and Jorkins. It is understood that the Chinese Amban has written to the head of the Lamas requesting his return to Lassa and to business. They add for his comfort that there is no fear of further fighting. Abundance of grain is being brought in now that the Tibetans find that the English are willing to pay for supplies. The British Mission, true to national instinct, hope soon to celebrate the Lassa races, and a gymkhana is to be held weekly. Truly we are a remarkable people.

THE STRANDING OF THE "MARS." While the battle-ship *Mars* was leading the Channel Squadron into Queenstown Harbour on Aug. 20, she ran aground on the bar. The place where she stranded was the tail end of the Sprit Bank, which runs northward from the Sprit Bank Lighthouse towards the Bar Rock and the shore. It is said that Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, on board the flag-ship *Cesar*, observed the error in the *Mars*' course, and signalled to her to reverse, but for which she would



PETROL IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY: THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION'S NEW MOTOR VESSEL.



THE STRANDING OF H.M.S. "MARS" AT QUEENSTOWN: THE VESSEL BEING TOWED OFF BY H.M.S. "THESEUS."

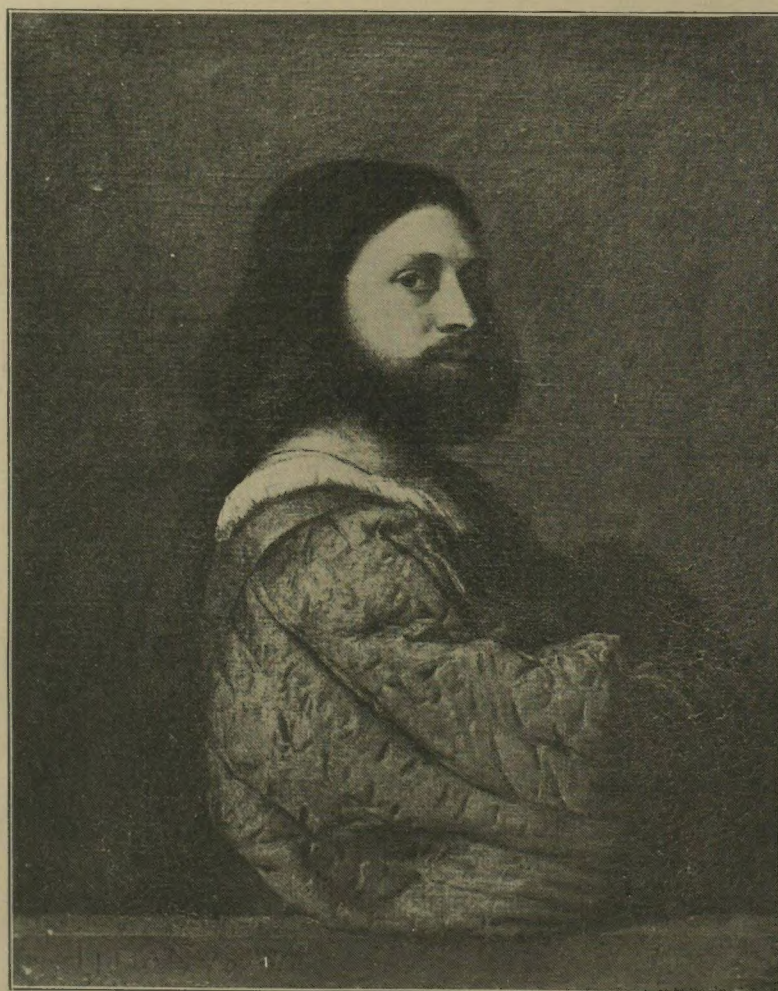
damage. Sufficient fuel for a continuous run of over ten hours is carried. Trials produced a speed of just over six knots. With the equivalent weights of thirteen men lashed on the thwarts, and with all the equipment on board, the new boat was capsized by a crane no less than four times, but never failed to self-right, even with her sails set and sheets made fast. During the capsizing, the motor, which had been previously started, was automatically stopped directly the boat reached a position just beyond that of "on her beam ends," and after the capsizing it started again at the second turn of the starting-handle and worked well. She is to be placed at Newhaven, Sussex, for service during the autumn and winter.

M. DE PLEHVE'S ASSASSIN.

It is stated that the assassin of M. de Plehve has at length been identified. He is a graduate of the Technological Institute, named Matvezeff, and the Jews, Poles, Finns, and Armenians, who feared that he would prove to be one of their compatriots, are considerably easier in their minds. It is also said that he will be included among the criminals whose punishments will be lessened on the occasion of the christening of the Tsarevitch, and that the death sentence he has earned will be commuted to penal servitude for life.

TIBETAN NEGOTIATIONS.

It is understood that the Tibetans have formulated a reply to Colonel Younghusband's demands, but this the Chinese Amban refused to present to the British Commissioner on the grounds that it was too impertinent to lay before him. Another draft is now under consideration by the National Assembly, the President of which admits that the Tibetans are worsted in warfare and can no longer



THE NEW TITIAN AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THE PORTRAIT OF ARIOSTO.

Reproduced by Permission of the Curator of the National Gallery.

[SEE "ART NOTES."]

have been more firmly embedded than she was. H.M.S. *Theseus* and several tugs stood by the *Mars* and managed to get her off before the turn of the tide, otherwise the vessel would have to have lain for the course of the tide on the bank. The *Mars* is a first-class battle-ship of 14,900 tons, and is commanded by Captain George Neville, M.V.O., A.D.C. Her complement is 726 men, her speed seventeen knots.

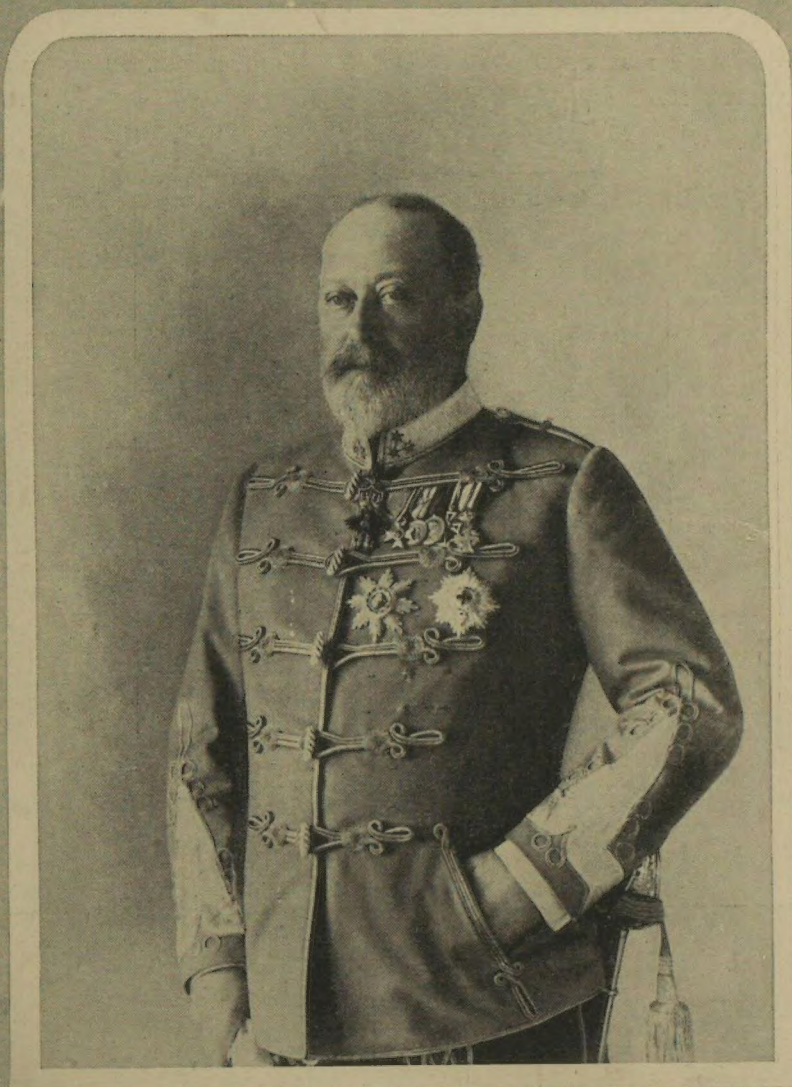
PENNY POST TO AMERICA.

Should the Postmaster-General at Washington succeed in his desire to establish a Penny postage rate between the United States and Europe, many in this country will have cause to thank him. The Americans themselves will be more grateful for the adoption of a parcel-post on the English system. It is pointed out that, instead of postal packets from Europe being conveyed to the addressee for the postage paid, they are taken in charge on their arrival in New York by a private company, which charges an additional two or three shillings.

THE TSAREVITCH'S CHRISTENING.

At the christening of the Tsarevitch, which took place at Peterhof on Aug. 24, King Edward was represented as sponsor by Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the Kaiser was represented by Prince Henry of Prussia. These representatives were received at the Peterhof Station on Aug. 23 by the Tsar in person, who wore the uniform of a German Admiral. All the Grand Dukes were also present at the railway station. The Tsar has made the birth of his heir the occasion for many acts of clemency, the chief of which was the abolition of the knout for rural offenders. There is also an amnesty for political offences. Our photographs of the sponsors at the christening are by Lafayette, Levitsky, Pietzner, Mündy, Elfelt, Pasetti, and Voigt.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE TSAREVITCH, AUGUST 24: SPONSORS FOR ALEXIS NIKOLAIEVITCH,
THE HEIR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL NIKOLAIEVITCH,
Great-Grand-Uncle of the Infant.

WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR,
Second Cousin of the Infant.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF GREAT BRITAIN,
Second Cousin of the Infant.

KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK,
Great-Grandfather of the Infant.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.,
Grand-Uncle of the Infant.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,
Paternal Grandmother of the Infant.

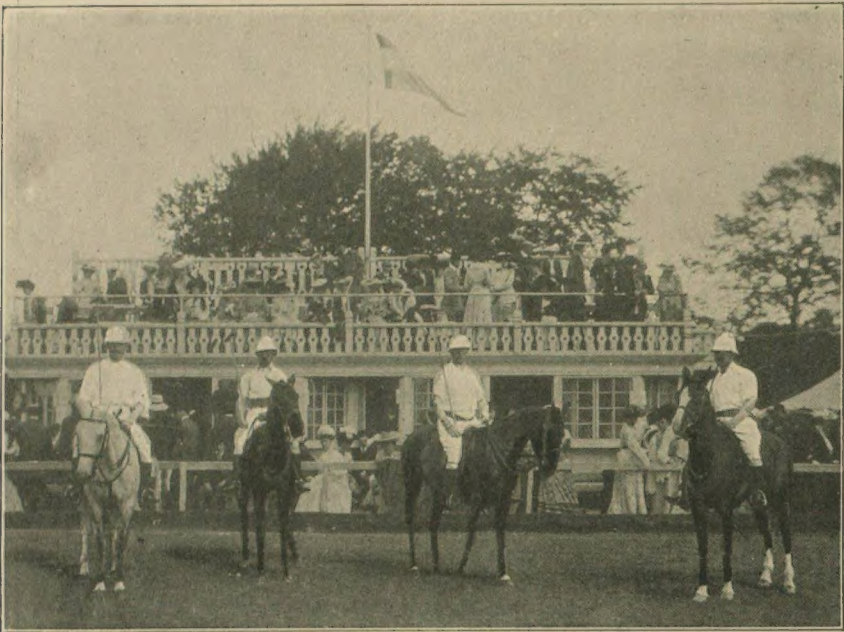
THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ALEXANDROVITCH,
Grand-Uncle of the Infant.

THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE,
Uncle of the Infant.

THE GRAND DUCHESS ALEXANDRA JOSEFOVNA,
Grand-Aunt (by Marriage) of the Infant.

THE COUNTY DUBLIN POLO CLUB SHOW AND TOURNAMENT: COMPETING TEAMS AND WINNERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY D'ARCY.



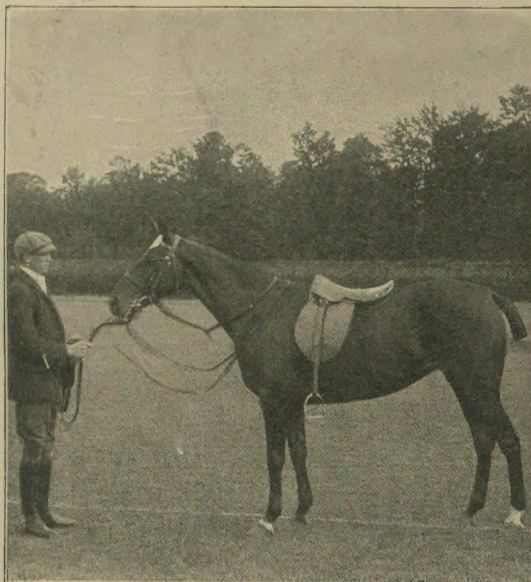
COUNTY DUBLIN TEAM, WHICH PLAYED AGAINST LIVERPOOL
AT THE DUBLIN MEETING, AUGUST 18.



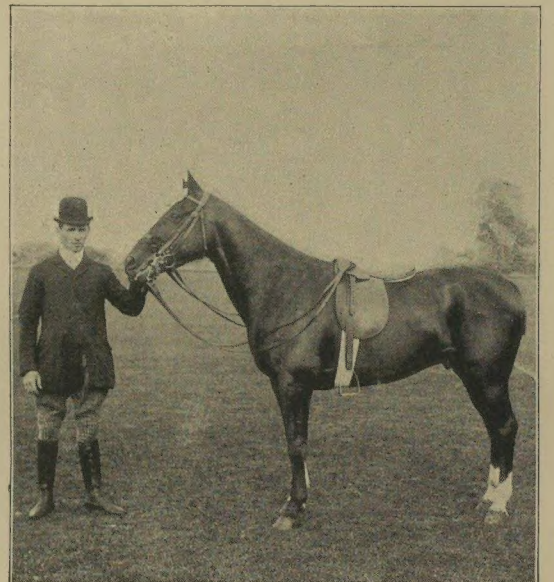
LIVERPOOL TEAM, WHICH PLAYED AGAINST COUNTY DUBLIN
AT THE DUBLIN MEETING.



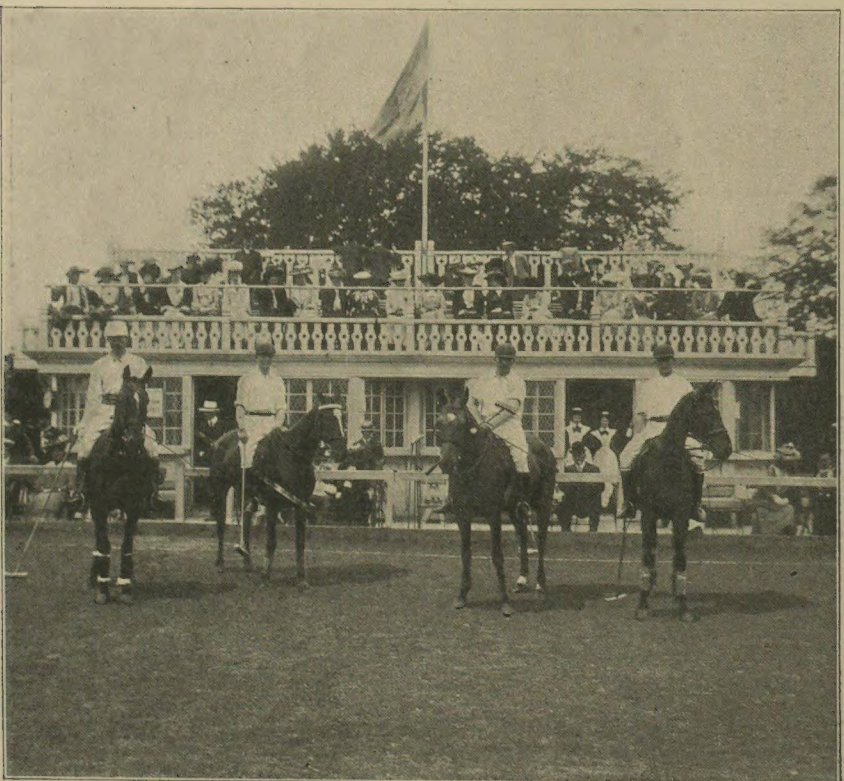
FIRST PRIZE, CLASS II.: MR. P. CONOLLY'S
BE GOOD.



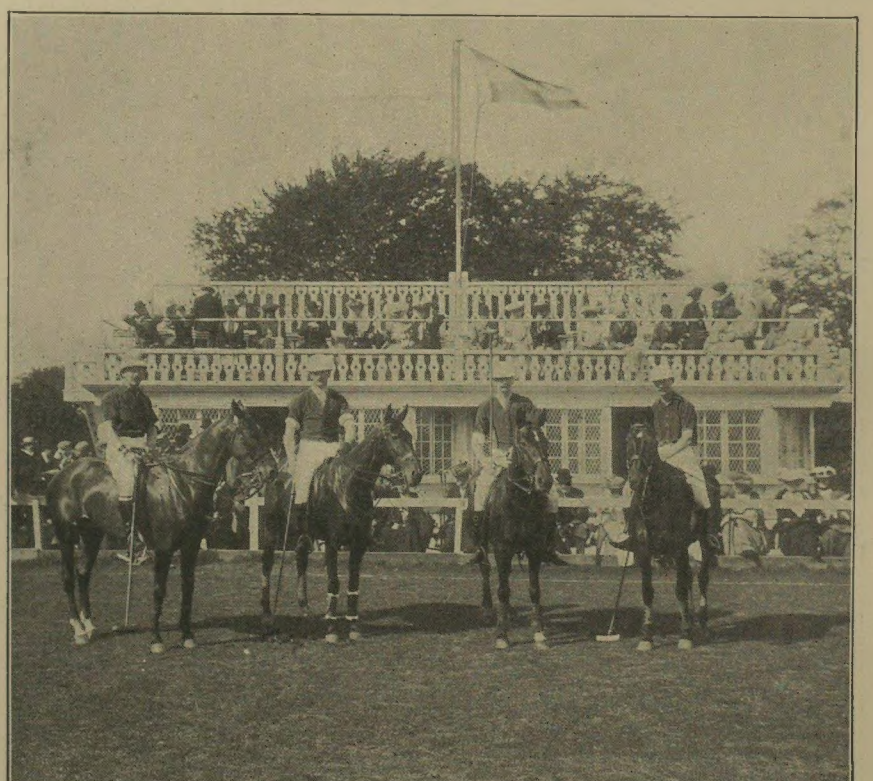
FIRST PRIZE, CLASS I., WINNER OF CHALLENGE
CUP: MR. H. WHITWORTH'S M.F.H.



FIRST PRIZE, CLASS III.: MR. F. J. ROARK'S
FLASH.



ALL IRELAND POLO CLUB TOURNAMENT.—COUNTY CUP: KING'S COUNTY
TEAM WHICH PLAYED AGAINST NORTH WESTMEATH.



ALL IRELAND POLO CLUB TOURNAMENT.—THE FINAL FOR THE COUNTY CUP:
NORTH WESTMEATH TEAM WHICH PLAYED AGAINST KING'S COUNTY.

Denis Read's Journalistic Achievement.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

SOMEONE, sometime, nicknamed Mr. Densmore "Daddy" Densmore, for devilment, and it stuck like a burr. He was, somehow, the sort of man that everyone enjoys making a nickname for. He was secretary and treasurer to the Town Commissioners of Dhrimstevlin; and he was so ostentatiously correct, proper, and virtuous that poor Denis Read, who eked out a precarious existence upon the *Dhrimstevlin Universe* (guaranteed the largest circulation of any provincial weekly in the North of Ireland), used always to say that a man like the Daddy, who wore a face as long as from New York to Christmas, was entirely too good for anything but a hypocrite. But I think poor Denis's estimate should be discounted when it was noted that his own nature was of that free, frank, hail-fellow-well-met, never-say-good-morrow-to-the-devil-till-you-meet-him sort that desires all the rest of the world to be as easy-going, good-for-nothing as itself. And, furthermore, Denis Read may possibly have been prejudiced against Daddy Densmore by the fact that the latter grudgingly tolerated—if he tolerated—the addresses which Denis was in the habit of paying to his ward, Norah M'Cann. So, even if he had not the frankness of nature which would, in Denis's eyes, constitute him a good fellow, the Daddy, possibly, may not have been quite the Phari-see that Denis in his heart believed him to be.

But all this *en passant*. I said Daddy Densmore was secretary and treasurer to the Town Commissioners of that most important inland market-town (so Denis Read always described it in his appeals to advertisers) of Dhrimstevlin. He was, in addition, grocer, baker, draper, and general seed-merchant, as well as leading vestryman of his church; and altogether the most important local man, and the man looked up to with most deference—even if he did (again to quote Denis's acrid words) shed winter on the community.

In the plenitude of his wealth—for none knew better than he how to hoard the bawbees—he purchased the fee simple of a big tract of glebe land at Carrigholt, ten miles away, for the nice round sum of one thousand pounds.

And thereby hangs our tale.

The spendthrift who sold him the tract was hard up for money, and wanted cash on the nail. Daddy Densmore undertook to bring it there, and count it down to him next day; for it was long after banking hours on the evening on which he made his purchase. In the Daddy's usually close way he told no person about it; but on the next morning—it was a Friday, and the market day in Dhrimstevlin—he was at the bank when the doors opened, with the demand for a cool thousand. And, grudgingly enough, they paid it down to him in gold; grudgingly, inasmuch as he had not given them notice, and was consequently seriously inconveniencing the Dhrimstevlin Bank, by no means an inexhaustible one. So they didn't even grant him a bag to carry it in, alleging that they had none; and, poor fellow, he had to roll up his precious parcel in sheets of brown paper. Casting his eye about him in his cautious way as he parcelled it, he observed a suspicious-looking fellow—who was probably a Dublin tramp—

door, and soon the fellow came audaciously in, and pretty impudently asked him for a sixpence, which Daddy promptly and curtly refused.

As he went along the street from the bank he felt quite uncomfortable, carrying his hoard in such an insecure way, and he felt rather more uncomfortable when, on looking over his shoulder, he perceived that the cheeky tramp, reinforced by a fellow-tramp, had doubled after him. In distress of mind, Daddy Densmore did what was the natural thing to do: he looked out for a policeman; and as soon as he saw one, hailed him, unburthening to him his misgivings, and asking for his protection home, which was, of course, readily granted. And while Mr. Densmore went into his house and procured a strong bag for his money preparatory to hieing him off Carrigholt-wards with it, the policeman, by his request, called a comrade, and guarded Daddy Densmore to the railway-station, they walking on each side of him; and having got there, entered a railway carriage with him to see him safe at his journey's end. It was surely suspicious-looking to

see Daddy Densmore travelling between two policemen from his own home; but as the streets were chiefly filled, on this morning, with farmer market people, who did not know Mr. Densmore personally, they only pitied his fate in the abstract, so to speak.

Billy Malone, the weigh-master, however, got a glimpse of the trio, and, wondering could anything be wrong, he, not having time to follow up the investigation, contented himself with bounding into Aeneas MacFadden's shop—where Aeneas himself, the town gossip *par excellence*, cut leather for his customers—and begged to know if there was anything up with Daddy Densmore, who was gone in the direction of the railway-station between two policemen.

Aeneas dropped his leather-knife, asked Johnny MacGarrigle of Crumlish (who had come in for the makings of a pair of brogues for wee Jimmy) to seat himself down, and give the news of the country to Mrs. MacFadden while he ran to the railway-station. Aeneas reached there just in time to see Pat the porter shoving Daddy Densmore and the two policemen into a carriage, and slamming the door on them as the train moved out. Poor Aeneas had never before known himself to allow a scandal get so far the foreway of him. He descended upon Pat the porter with a rush, and overwhelmed him to know what it was old Densmore had at last done. And Pat the porter, who was ever richly endowed with imagination, replied with astonishing promptness that, if he was on his oath, he could not rightly say whether it was two thousand five hundred or three thousand five hundred pounds of the public money that the virtuous Daddy Densmore was discovered to have put into his own till—by a rather awkward mistake.

It is only once in a lifetime that such a magnificent bit of intelligence comes to a man.

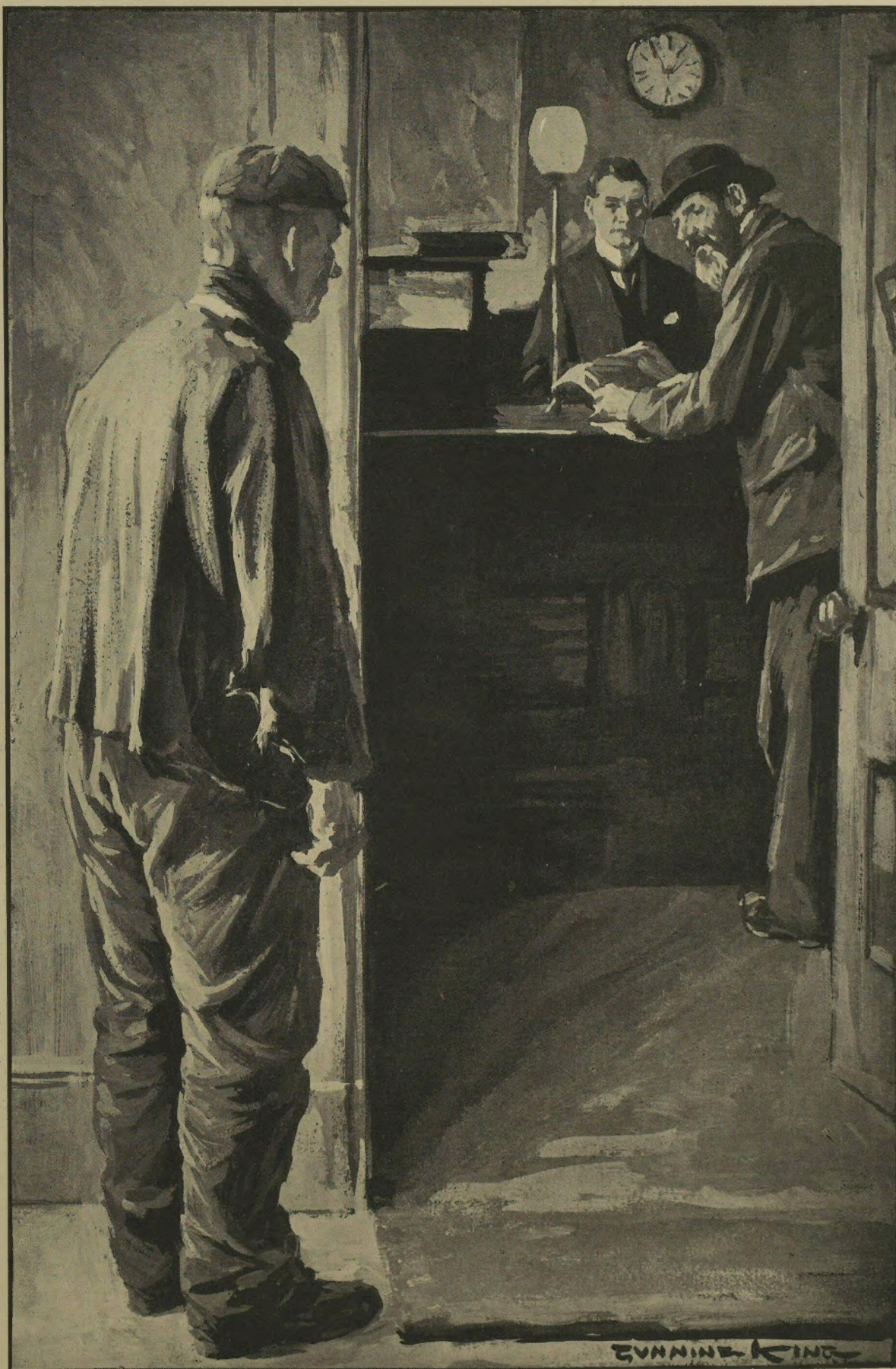
"What did I tell ye?" said Aeneas, when, over his wonderment, he found breath.

Pat the porter could not rightly remember that he had ever told him anything in particular; but no matter for that.

"What did I tell ye?"

Aeneas repeated, as he hastily took a snuff, and hastily, likewise, tendered the box to Pat. "Didn't I, as many times as there are fingers and toes on me, say of old Densmore that though the fox run long he was always caught at last? But the *Dhrimstevlin Universe*," said he, "will be out in an hour's time, and it will be a catastrophe to the country if Denis Read hasn't got hold of the intelligence in time to crush it in."

As he was a fleshy man himself, and a short-winded, and not given to undue exertion, and as, moreover, he was just now handicapped by the great excitement, *pro bono publico* he gave a penny to the first boy he met to run at his topmost speed to Denis Read, at the *Universe* office, and let him know that Daddy Densmore was just gone off, in the charge of the police, for swindling five thousand pounds of the public money (for Aeneas loved to be generous in his figures). And, lest that boy should not go quickly enough, or carry it correctly enough, to the next boy he met he gave another penny to carry the same message



He observed a suspicious-looking fellow watching him from the door.

to Denis; and, in his overwhelming anxiety for the public weal, he actually bestowed a third penny on a third boy he met to carry the news at his fleetest to Denis Read at the *Universe* office.

Meanwhile, he was making the best of his own way to the office of the *Universe*. And before he reached there he had fed and sent forward two further couriers.

The *Universe* was completely set up except for the glowing conclusion of a rhapsodical leader upon the ravishing prospects of the potato and corn crops in the Dhrimstevlin district this season, which poor Denis, in his shirt-sleeves and the sweat of his brow, was laboriously bringing forth when the first messenger bounded into the office with the startling intelligence.

When Denis heard him he reached for the Press Directory of All Ireland with the martyr-calm of a man inured to Dhrimstevlin waggery, and, just missing the boy's skull with it, had the satisfaction of seeing it go through the one pane that was still sound in the office window. But this lad had only just dodged and gone when a second burst in with the same startling intelligence, upon which Denis suddenly dammed up the glowing stream which flowed from his pen that he might meditate. The third messenger gave him prolonged pause, and the fourth and fifth messages made him run to the back window, and therefrom command the instant presence of the printer, who, in a shed in the yard, was busy greasing the wheels of the rickety

he's off in Dublin, purchasing a piano for Peggy, so it's before Morton they must have had him."

"Before Morton it must have been; yes," said MacFadden.

"Then," said Denis in his own mind, "God pardon me! I wish no man harm, but it's thankful to goodness I am that now Norah M'Cann will be released from under that man's guardianship. She will make a brave wee wife, if fortune favours me, and her money would come in handy to set the *Dhrimstevlin Universe* square upon the legs, that are just now, like a drunken man's, tottering under it."

Denis might manage to do without a wife, but he couldn't any longer manage to do without money.

Already Denis's pen was scratching along the paper as, in furious haste, he turned out the copy, and filled the atmosphere of the office with the sheets that he flung from him, like snowflakes in storm. And as fast and furious as Denis wrote, so fast and furious did the printer set. And as fast and furious did editor and printer turn and turn about at the wheel of the inquisition-like instrument which was courteously termed a press, grind out the *Dhrimstevlin Universe*, and send it broadcast on an astounded world.

When Denis got breathing space, he took up a copy and read over the article for his own satisfaction. The printer had maimed an account of the proceedings of the Dhrimstevlin Board of Guardians—ruthlessly breaking

embarrassing situation, from which he hoped, and indeed felt certain, that Mr. Densmore would easily extricate himself.

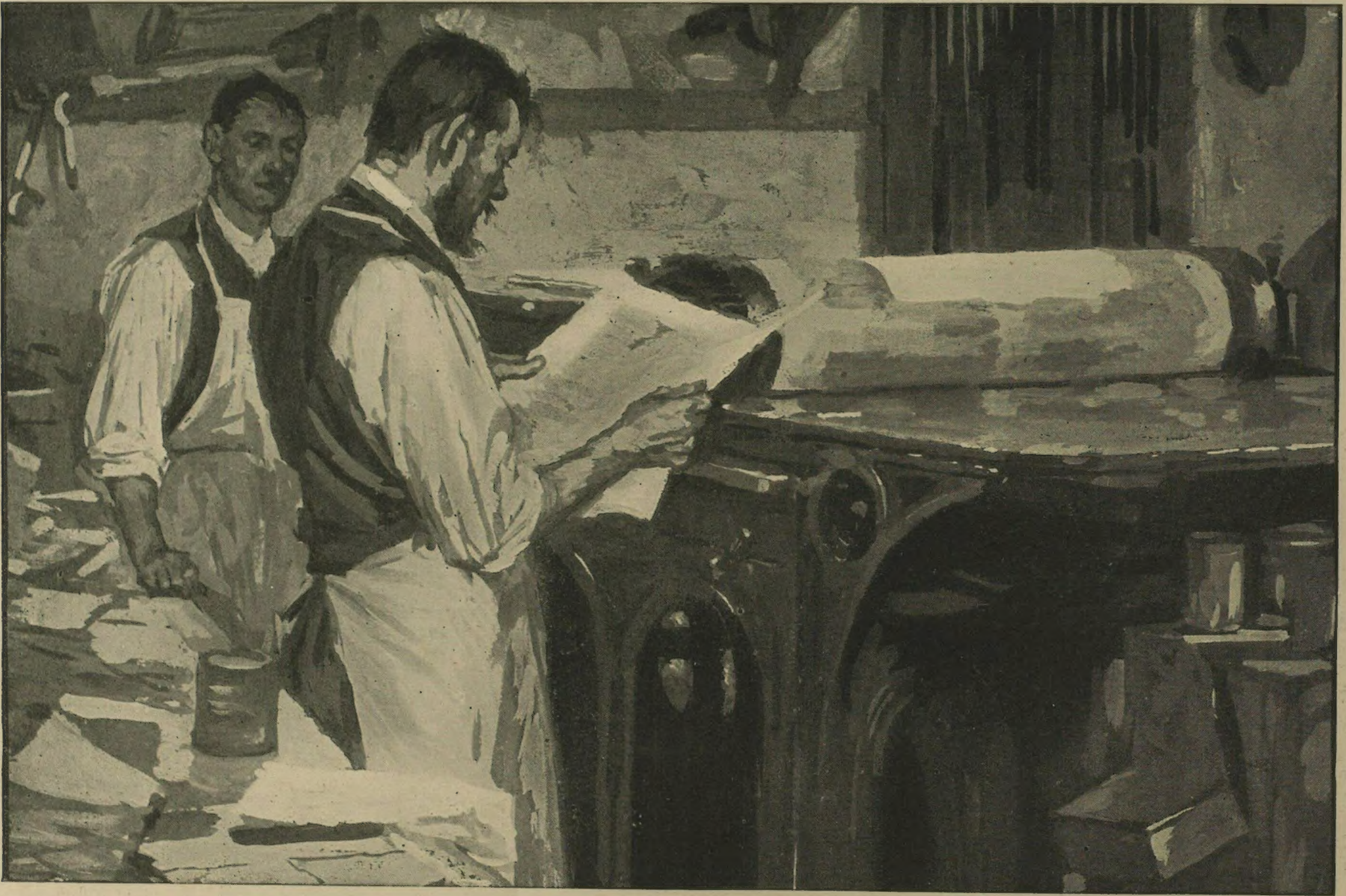
At the request of the prosecuting sergeant of constabulary, Mr. Morton said it was his unwelcome duty to have to remand him to jail for a week, without bail, at the end of which time Sergeant M'Farland undertook to produce evidence to sustain the charge.

Mr. Densmore shook hands with Mr. Morton, left some messages for his wife, and a message for his clerk, after which he was removed between two constables, by a circuitous route, conveyed, almost unknown to the citizens, to the railway-station, whence they took the 10.30 train to Derry, in which jail he will be lodged until this day week, when he comes up upon remand.

As soon as the astounding intelligence became known in Dhrimstevlin—and it very soon took wing—there was tremendous excitement in the streets; but, amid it all, universal and heart-felt sympathy was expressed for the poor gentleman's wife and children, in the great trouble that has fallen upon them.

It is alleged that the peculations have extended over a period of many years, and that the full extent of them is not yet by any means known.

That Mr. Densmore was ever regarded by all who knew him as a man of the strictest integrity, the most upright principle, and the first citizen—most respected and most worthy—in Dhrimstevlin, made the intelligence all the more astounding. It came like a bolt from the blue. Such excitement as it



"That," said Denis, "that is what I call a brilliant journalistic achievement!"

monster on which, with much labour and loss of perspiration and occasional unconsidered language, the *Dhrimstevlin Universe* was weekly ground out to fill the waiting maw of a greedy public.

Æneas MacFadden, perspiring, panting, arrived simultaneous with the printer.

"In the Lord's name, MacFadden," said Denis, "is this true that I hear about old Densmore?"

"I have just reached here," said Æneas, "from seeing the last of the old rascal gone under guard in the train."

"Five people already fetched the news to me," said Denis, "but I could barely believe them. Not," said he, "but it's what I've been for years expecting."

"What we have all been expecting," said Æneas.

"I knew, and I always said," said Denis, "that, behind his skin, old Densmore was as dark as the Devil."

"Then," said Æneas, "ye knew only what all the world and its wife knew."

"Five thousand pounds!" said Denis.

"Five thousand," said Æneas—"until the books is gone further into, and then it's generally believed there'll be found twice five."

"Right!" said Denis, "maybe three times five. It is a quarter till eleven o'clock," said he, hastily looking up at the timepiece on his mantel—"a quarter till eleven o'clock, and the *Universe* must be out by half-past eleven. There's no time to be lost, and there's no time to go looking up particulars. Tell me what you know, MacFadden?"

"No particulars ye can get," said MacFadden, "for there's devil a particular out yet—barrin' the bare fact itself, and that's news enough for one week's *Universe*, if there's not another scrap in the paper from start to finish."

"You're right," said Denis. "But they had to charge him before a magistrate, of course, and remand him, before they trailed him off to jail? Mr. M'Causland

a large bit right out of the middle of it, in order that the most prominent place in the paper should, as was natural, be given to the sensational news that fortune had wafted them. Denis took up the paper and read—

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

EMBEZZLEMENT OF DHRIMSTEVLIN PUBLIC FUNDS.

PROMINENT CITIZEN ARRESTED, AND REMANDED TO JAIL.

DHRIMSTEVLIN, Friday Morning.

Just at the moment of going to press, astounding news has reached us that Mr. Nathaniel Densmore, secretary and treasurer to the Dhrimstevlin Town Commissioners, was this morning arrested, at his own home, on the charge of embezzling five thousand pounds of the Dhrimstevlin public funds.

Acting upon information sworn last night, Constables Robert Maglone and Peter Feeley this morning visited Mr. Densmore's house, and arrested that gentleman just as he was sitting down to breakfast, preparatory to going to his office. The accused was suddenly unnerved when the constables appeared and announced their business. They gave him the usual caution, and he remarked: "If I get time I can explain it all." He was forthwith marched before Mr. Valentine J. Morton, Justice of the Peace, and charged.

The prisoner had now partially assumed a cheerful look, and he bowed to Mr. Morton, and inquired indifferently after his health. In reply to the charge, he said that he had no statement to make and would reserve his defence until he had time to confer with his solicitor.

Mr. Morton expressed his sincere sympathy with the accused, and said it gave him sorrow to find him in this

caused in our midst has not been known for several generations gone, and probably will not be experienced again for several generations to come.

"That said Denis, holding the paper from him, viewing the article with sidelong view, and speaking soliloquisingly, "that is what I call a brilliant journalistic achievement!"

Then he strode to the broken window and looked out upon the streets of Dhrimstevlin, where, sure enough, the excitement was tremendous among the excited crowds who thronged and surged tumultuously round copies of the *Universe*. And Denis felt that glow of inward satisfaction which comes to a man whose conscience commends him for a good day's work well done.

Though Denis didn't fear Daddy Densmore physically, and though he feared him less legally (for, as he used to say, when thousands threatened libel actions against the *Universe*, if they were at once as wise as Solomon and as strong as Samson, he defied them to take stockings off a bare-footed man), he, in his very next issue, wrote a full column expressing his deep regret that he had been wrong and misled in making the announcement of the arrest of their prominent and respected citizen, Mr. Nathaniel Densmore, and offering any, and all, apology a reasonable man could expect. The wrath of Daddy Densmore was intensified, rather than appeased; and still worse for poor Denis, there came a curt note, couched in the chilliest terms, requesting that Mr. Denis Read might be so very kind as to do her the favour of henceforth refraining from intruding his uninvited and unwelcome attentions on his obliged, humble servant, Norah M'Cann.

And poor Denis looked upon himself as a martyr to the fates.

THE END.

WHIFFING FOR POLLACK: A HOLIDAY SPORT ON THE CORNISH COAST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARGISSON. (SEE ARTICLE.)



THE FISHING GROUND: A MISTY MORNING AT FOWEY.



READY TO START.



A GREAT PLACE FOR POLLACK: FOWEY HARBOUR.



A FINE BRACE OF POLLACK.



AN EARLY START ON A MISTY MORNING.



YOUTHFUL DERISION OF A SMALL HAUL.



FOWEY, THE "TROY TOWN" OF "Q'S" FAMOUS NOVEL.



A HINDRANCE TO THE SPORT: FIRING FROM BATTERY POINT, FOWEY.

MAKING THE ROUGH PLACES PLAIN: HOW THE CONQUERING JAPANESE CONSTRUCT THEIR MILITARY ROADS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. HARE; COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



THE CONSTRUCTION OF A MILITARY ROAD AND BOMB-PROOF SHELTERS NEAR SAI-MA-TSE.

ARTIST AND EMPEROR: OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT RECEIVED AT THE COURT OF KOREA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, PRESENTING THE BRITISH, AMERICAN, FRENCH, GERMAN, AUSTRIAN, AND ITALIAN CORRESPONDENTS TO THE KOREAN EMPEROR.

When the steamer "Manchu-Maru," bearing the foreign correspondents, arrived at Seoul, the guests on board were received in audience by the Emperor of the Hermit Kingdom. Mr. Frederic Villiers, as representing the oldest illustrated paper, was deputed to present the cards of his brother correspondents to his Imperial Majesty.

YOUNG JAPAN IN ITS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: EMBARKATION INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL LEWIS.



CADETS AND WARRIORS: SCHOOLBOY VOLUNTEERS AT YOKOHAMA WATCHING THE PASSAGE OF A BUGLE BAND AND REGIMENT.



READY TO EMBARK: TROOPS FOR THE FRONT ON THE WHARF AT YOKOHAMA.

THE "CHAMPAGNE CREW": LAVISH JAPANESE HOSPITALITY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



"ATTENTION! SHOULDER BOTTLES! RIGHT TURN! QUICK MARCH! UNCORK! FILL!"

At Sasebo the foreign correspondents were entertained at dinner by the Japanese Admiral. "As we entered the dining-hall," writes Mr. Villiers, "Japanese sailors were drawn up with champagne bottles at the shoulder. At a given signal they filed in, and kept the guests' glasses well filled during the evening."

AN ACCORDION BAND TO SPEED THE PARTING WARRIORS: THE ONLY EMBARKATION FROM YOKOHAMA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL LEWIS, YOKOHAMA.

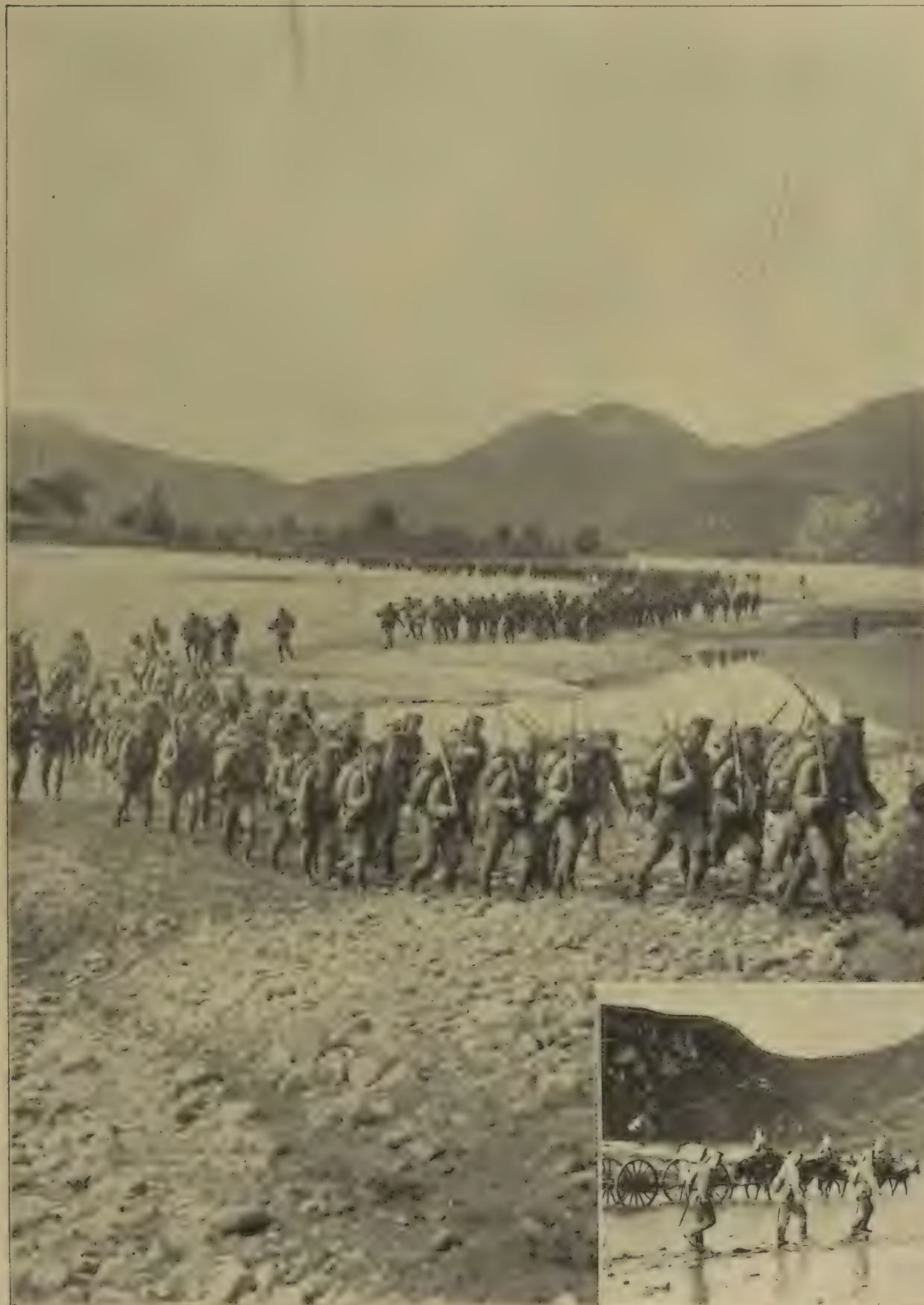


YOUNG JAPAN'S WELCOME TO THE TROOPS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT TOKIO TO EMBARK AT YOKOHAMA.

One of the most amusing incidents of the celebration organised to speed the parting warriors was a schoolboys' accordion band, which discoursed very tolerable music. The Japanese flag was carried in front, and behind the standard-bearer came a diminutive drum-major, bearing on his cane a flag with a patriotic inscription.

TOWARDS THE CRUCIAL POINT IN MANCHURIA: THE JAPANESE ADVANCE ON LIAO-YANG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. HARE; COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



INFANTRY OF THE 2ND DIVISION ON THE PEKING ROAD.

ARTILLERY ADVANCING ON LIAO-YANG.

INFANTRY OF THE 2ND DIVISION ON THE MARCH TO LIAO-YANG.



R. Caton Woodville. 1904.

SHELLED FROM THREE POINTS: THE DESTRUCTION OF A RUSSIAN BATTERY BY THE CONCENTRATED FIRE OF THE JAPANESE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL KUROPATKIN AT LIAO-YANG.

PHOTO-NOUVELLES.



THE TIGHTENING OF JAPAN'S GRIP ON PORT ARTHUR: THE RING OF FORTS GRADUALLY FALLING TO THE ISLANDERS.

THE RUSSIAN LEADER IN THE FIELD: KUROPATKIN AT TACHITCHAO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. MERCKEL, OF THE RUSSIAN AMBULANCE CORPS AT TACHITCHAO.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN AT THE RAILWAY STATION AT TACHITCHAO, JULY 1.



ON THE EVE OF COMBAT: THE RUSSIAN CAMP AT TACHITCHAO JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.



A LEADER AND HIS TRANSPORT: GENERAL KUROPATKIN INSPECTING THE PACK-HORSES AT TACHITCHAO, JULY 1.



THE BUTT-END OF A BATTALION: THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF THE 5TH BATTALION OF SIBERIAN VOLUNTEERS, SO TERRIBLY CUT UP AT TELISSU.

VARIOUS VOLUMES.

The Princess Passes: A Romance of a Motor. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Tyrants of North Hyben. By Frank Dilnot. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
The Mystery of a Bungalow. By Weatherby Chesney. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Perronelle. By Valentina Hawtrey. (London and New York: John Lane. 6s.)
Quaint Talks about Long Walks. By the Rev. A. N. Cooper. (London: A. Brown and Sons.)
Louis XIV. in Court and Camp. By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (London: Hutchinson. 16s. net.)
Old Times and New. By J. George Tetley, D.D. (London: Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

After all, the motor-car that provides a sub-title is only an accessory, and not the prime mover of events in "The Princess Passes": it does no more than convey the hero to the pack-mule and its driver at Martigny, in whose good company his life's romance befalls him. The first eight chapters, however, are quite as entertaining as the rest of this amusing novel; and the way in which Lord Lane and his friends Monty and Jack Winston—who will be remembered as "The Lightning Conductor"—whiz through France and Switzerland in their Mercédès, with eyes wide open to every glint of the picturesque about them, is described with an easy, humorous fluency that packs the reader's sympathies among their baggage. Practical people are bound, of course, to cavil at the absurdity of the chief incident. A beautiful American heiress who makes a walking tour in boy's clothes and picks up a young man to accompany her, without exciting the slightest suspicion of her sex in him or any other chance acquaintance, is too improbable to be taken without protest, and nothing but the plausibility of the authors' pens could have made her bearable. Nevertheless, the fact remains that she is bearable, and charming, too, though her masquerade naturally throws the story out of the regions of acceptable romance into that of a sweet and guileless fairyland. Her creators, by the way, are treating the late Lord Tennyson rather scurvily when they let Stevenson monopolise his "hours of Elfland"; and they are even unkind to Browning, as misquoted by the heiress; and to George MacDonald in a chapter heading. Still, these are inconsiderable blemishes in a blessedly not-too-serious novel, brimming with the fresh air of quaint byways and mountain passes, and running smoothly as the Mercédès to a golden ending.

"The Tyrants of North Hyben" differs from the orthodox six shillings'-worth of sensation just as widely, shall we say? as life in that little-known corner of our island is remote from the bustle of London Town. This simple statement, it should be noted, is not intended to convey an impression of superiority, albeit there is much that deserves praise in Mr. Dilnot's story: simplicity, for one thing; a pleasant and suffusing sense of humour, leavening much that otherwise might have been sorry reading; and an entire absence of pretentiousness, that hydra-headed menace to good writing. But the plot is so obvious that curiosity is never excited, even for a moment: any reader of experience could outline the course of events with certainty after reading the opening chapters. In some instances, perhaps, this would hardly be a defect, but in the present case we think that the writer would have been wise to abandon his plot, and content himself with presenting to our notice his really admirable portraits of the village celebrities. The prodigal son, the stereotyped curate, almost our virtuous lover himself, would scarcely have been missed, but with old William and Simon, and their sister Rottie, one would willingly be better acquainted. Rottie was the sternest tyrant of the three, ruling the two old men absolutely, stinting the harvest beer, and firm in the conviction that to patronise the butcher would spell disaster. William was the village smith, and conducted his business on original lines, basing his charges on the position of the customer, to the not unreasonable chagrin of the well-to-do, and absolutely refusing to send in a bill twice: "You've had the bill once, and you don't get un no more, even if we never has the money." But Mr. Dilnot does not confine himself to the study of that superior animal, man; he evidently has a fellow-feeling for our four-footed friends, and his description of the ringing of the four sows and of the driving to market of the yearling bull is irresistibly funny.

Mr. Weatherby Chesney's latest contribution to the flood of sensational fiction needs even less criticism than the majority of its class. Frankly written, with no higher aim than to provide means to while away an idle hour, it contrives to serve its purpose with ability, if without distinction. It is not a book for the captious, neither will it please the ultra-literary nor the pedantic; but it is quite readable by those who care little for the taxing of the mind. Given the disappearance of the eccentric and wealthy occupant of a bungalow under circumstances pointing to murder, and the temporary inability of the police not only to find the missing man but to gather sufficient evidence to justify an arrest, none save the veriest tyro could fail to weave a tolerably entertaining story. Add a "powerful little hunchback, with thick, red hair, and small, red, fierce eyes that seemed to burn in the hideous face," who can be saddled with any crime, a hunt for treasure buried in a castle keep, a subterranean tunnel between bungalow and ruin, a daring, if hardly ingenious, scheme for impersonating a rightful heir, a sufficiently pleasing heroine, the necessary black sheep and the detectives to shepherd them, and even the tyro could scarce come to grief. Mr. Chesney has the advantage of not being a tyro. He handles both plot and character with some skill, exploits sensationalism, love-making, and mystification in turn, and the result is a novel that, without being in the least brilliant, cannot be said to bore.

The creator of "Perronelle" has realised the truth of the maxim which declares half the art of writing to

lie in knowing what to leave out, and her restraint is as refreshing as it is artistically correct. Miss Hawtrey has not read the fourteenth-century chroniclers to indifferent purpose, while she is most happily wise in giving the cold shoulder to all pseudo-medieval affectations. She relates the history of a girl-bride in Old Paris, beginning with the wedding feast, where the frightened Perronelle sits beside her grim husband, with the minstrels and the guests to do them honour, on to the tragic hour of her penitence at the church door. We know few chapters in recent fiction that have attracted us more than the one that depicts the child, the day after her wedding, inquisitively exploring her new home, and wandering from lectern to lectern in Maître Gilles' library, until "Le Romaunt des Deux Amants" sets her in a flutter; or the one following, in which she earns a beating by wasting her first purse of household money upon vanities. It has been a recent practice to embed tales of "old, unhappy, far-off things" in a great pomp of vivid words, local colour being the quality aimed at in this exuberance. Miss Hawtrey, more fortunate, has caught it, and saturated her book with it so that every page breathes the life of the dim centuries, by a method far more dignified and more direct. "Perronelle" should amuse the public because it is an excellent story; it should be, too, a pleasure to the fastidious.

It would be a pity if the human race should forget how to walk, but so insidious are the allurements of mechanical modes of transit that the danger is at least worth bearing in mind. We may not lose the power of hurrying to the station or strolling to the club; it is the appreciation of the joy of a long tramp for its own sake, and for its pleasurable possibilities, that is in peril. It is well to be reminded, therefore, as we are by the author of "Quaint Talks about Long Walks," of the healthy and serene enjoyment that is to be obtained from a walking tour by one who cares nothing for records of speed, but a great deal for natural scenery and the ways of unfamiliar folk in quaint villages at home and abroad; and who, moreover, can delight in the exhilarating effect of the exercise. Of course, one should be endowed with the temperament of the way-farer, and in this respect, perhaps, the author is exceptionally gifted. It is not alone that he is proof against fatigue, but the true spirit of the amateur tramp is shown in his satisfaction at getting wet through, his general capacity for roughing it, his sociable attitude towards all whom he encounters on the road or at the inns, and his rejection of luggage. In the present book we find anecdotes of journeys in England and on the Continent, that total up to nearly 4000 miles, the longest, from Filey to Rome, being 743 miles. On one occasion the author, having neglected to provide himself with funds, is in a starving condition; on another, passing through Montel mar on the way to Monte Carlo, he sees the French President greeting his mother, "a very little old woman," as she drives up to the market in a little market-cart with vegetables, poultry, and butter for sale. Mr. Cooper finds points of interest and humour in a variety of places, and his pleasantly discursive manner may be relied on to keep his readers entertained, even if his example does not excite their emulation. But we hope that in a few cases he will succeed in this also.

Colonel Haggard is a loving student of French history, and especially of that portion of the Old Régime overshadowed by one of the most magnificent royal personalities the world has ever seen. In his "Sidelights on the Court of France," the writer dealt with the years preceding those on which he concentrates himself in his present handsome volume. But in some ways the events here described, if more familiar to the student, are far more interesting, comprising as they do that strangest of historical murder-mysteries, the poisoning of Madame, the lovely, fascinating sister-in-law of Louis XIV., and the even stranger and more sinister story of Madame de Brinvilliers. Colonel Haggard is a great partisan; his account of Madame de Maintenon is certainly dictated by strong prejudice, especially if read in the added lights afforded by the publication of recent documents, making it plain that she had little if anything to do with the infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The book, which is embellished with many delightful portraits, will appeal more to the general reader than to the serious searcher after historical facts.

Canon Tetley tells us that, in writing this pleasant volume of reminiscences, he determined to say nothing of his friends who are alive, and to this self-imposed rule he has strictly adhered. What it loses in piquancy in consequence thereof is made up to it in a dignity which many books of a similar nature that have appeared recently have sadly lacked. He begins with some fragments of family history, as it was made in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth—some of them of considerable interest; and he relates at length several versions of the Wynyard ghost-story, including that of his connection, Colonel Gore, who was at Cape Breton with Colonel Wynyard when the latter's brother died and the apparition was seen. In the chapter "Among my Father's Friends" are set down memories of F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Daniel Macmillan, Dr. John Brown, Prebendary Harris, and many others. There is a story of Mrs. Kingsley's kindness of heart, which led Kingsley to say: "You see, Mrs. Tetley, my wife is such a kind-hearted woman that if she was going to be executed her first anxiety would be that any who desired to see it might have a good place." Of the author of "Rab and his Friends" the characteristic remark is recorded: "The Almighty never made a more beautiful thing than a wee cuddy." Canon Tetley's recollections are of a wide variety of persons and places, though chiefly of the West of England, and to an extensive range of interests he has brought the gift of a generous appreciation.

A SEER IN MANCHURIA.

It is to China, or rather to the English penman in China, that we have learned, under the guidance of Dr. Morrison, to look for intelligent anticipation of events; but it is very seldom that writers have the pleasure of seeing their prophecies so quickly fulfilled as has been the case with Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale's forecasts in "Manchu and Muscovite." The writer, who had had long experience of the Far East, had written the letters (now embodied in his most opportune volume) before the outbreak of the war, as the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, are careful to note; and this fact lends all the more value to the prescience, which inspired the author to prognosticate that when it came to the pinch, Russia would abandon Dalny without a blow. Mr. Weale has found it necessary to criticise severely the misconceptions of former writers on Manchuria. It has been said that there has been a Russian colonisation of Manchuria, but last year, according to Mr. Weale, there were no Russians in Manchuria or Kuantung, except the 89,000 troops scattered along the railway, 20,000 women in the three towns of Dalny, Harbin, and Port Arthur, and a constantly diminishing number of male civilians in the same places. "Manchuria," says Mr. Weale, "is as purely Chinese as the Yang-tse Valley."

The opening chapter of the book is a comprehensive and lucid sketch of the history of Manchuria for the last three thousand years. From this it is manifest that the Muscovite eye was on Manchu territory in the first half of the seventeenth century, and the military occupation which has led to the present hostilities was only the last and best-organised act in a long drama of armed raiding. As regards the recent diplomatic subtleties and the question as to whether Count Cassini concluded the famous secret treaty with China or not, Mr. Weale does not profess to be in a position to state; but he has no hesitation in dismissing as false the statement that in 1896 China virtually signed away the Manchurian provinces. He classes as baneful things for Manchuria the railway, the rouble, and the Russo-Chinese Bank. With prophetic alliteration, the author heads his second chapter "Dalny the Doomed." On his voyage thither he encountered a Far-Eastern typhoon of the most appalling description, the horrors of which, to passengers who are not good sailors, he indicates with admirable touches of humorous suggestion. In the morning, when "the cabins gave forth their quota of seeming dead," the coast-line heaved up a yellow blur on the horizon, and at length on turning a corner the voyagers caught their first sight of Dalny. It was unimpressive; and Mr. Weale says it did not thrill one with the coming greatness of the place—

In the foreground you saw half-a-dozen giant dredgers sparsely distributed over several miles of water, and looking very dirty, very forlorn, and very tired. Further on, there were two or three steamers moored alongside the railway wharf, all flying the Russian flag. Behind this, you vaguely saw a confused mass of buildings, but what they were like it was impossible to imagine. Something was missing, and that something is called success. Briefly put, Dalny is a failure. Eighteen millions of roubles have been pitched into the Bay on Utopian dreams, or squandered on buildings officially built (save the mark!) that are already crumbling in the super-dry air.

After the usual—perhaps rather more than the usual—troubles with the Russian police, a landing was effected at the granite pier which the Russians, with their usual indifferent recklessness, had erected without compunction as to the cost. Through rows of barrack-like houses of unutterable squalor the way led to an open place called the Square in the town plans, and thence to the officially built city, the only substantial part of the city. There every form of architecture ran riot, and there Mr. Weale took his ease at his inn, such as it was. He first tried the Hotel Dalny, which proved no fit abode for a white man. Next he sought the Hotel Russe, where he found a chamber in which he knew but little sleep "owing to causes which it is unnecessary to specify to this much-travelled world." It would seem that Dalny decayed even as it came into existence. Everything was miserable, back-going, official-ridden, hopeless.

The author continues with a description of his journey by rail to the now beleaguered fortress. He and his companion arrived at the station too late to buy tickets, instead of which they were given permits to mount the train and buy tickets at the next station. The humour of this becomes apparent when we hear that, in spite of this red-tapeism raised to the twentieth power, it was a good many minutes before the train actually started! The carriages were very new and very commodious, but it took three hours to cover the forty miles journey. The traveller approaching Port Arthur is at once impressed with its strength as a fortress. As regards a probable attack upon the defences, Mr. Weale, writing before the event, is again marvellously accurate. He mentions that the Japanese Headquarters Staff was even then reported to have calculated that a successful land attack must cost from 20,000 to 30,000 men. If Mr. Weale found Dalny a dead city, he found Port Arthur exactly the reverse. Business activity was everywhere, with the outward and visible signs of prosperity; and the keynote of the place was strutting militarism. The limits of the present notice unfortunately preclude us from outlining or quoting the descriptions of Harbin, the railway city. Accommodation was no better there than at Dalny, but, whatever the drawbacks of the place, there was comfort in viewing the magnificent flour-mills; and Mr. Weale vouches for the purity of Harbin flour. "What bread!" he exclaims. "It is so sweet and pure and light that you can eat on for ever, blessing the generous soil which can grow such crops. If the railway would only learn sense, and forget that it is a strategic line, all the Far East might eat of this finest of flour and suffer less from dyspepsia."

CAPTIVE MUSCOVY IN JAPAN: RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT MATSUYAMA.

Drawings by H. W. KOLKHOIK FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. C. WARD.



ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT MATSUYAMA.



ROUGH COMFORT IN A PRISON TRUCK: ENTRAINING RUSSIAN PRISONERS FOR MATSUYAMA.

The Japanese consideration for their prisoners is almost unparalleled in the history of warfare. Here, although the captives can be accommodated only in a railway truck, they have been carefully provided with an awning.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE KNOWLEDGE POWERS OF ANIMALS.

A writer has lately been discussing anew that highly interesting question, "What animals know." A corollary to this inquiry might be found in the shape of the question, "How do they acquire their information?" There seems to be no doubt possible that, in the case of higher animals, their education, and their ability to perform acts allied to those which are the outcome of reason itself, must be regarded as the result of the gradual acquirement and remembrance of definite impressions. With them, as with man, there must be, in other words, a storage of experience. If I teach my dog to beg for his biscuit, he must accumulate ideas which are founded definitely upon the association between his attitude and the reward for his performance. When his early ideas have become crystallised, he adopts the begging posture naturally and automatically; but it is associated also, I fancy, with other notions of subsequent growth, having reference to a desire for food, and an easy mode of obtaining it.

Does this process, then, assuming that I have correctly stated what at least may be regarded as a fair view of the dog's education, differ very materially from that whereby we ourselves acquire the experience which guides our lives? Personally, I think not. Man has a higher type of brain, exercising reasoning powers and a degree of consciousness such as no lower form exhibits. With groups of brain cells in his pre-frontal brain-region, where the intellectual centres reside, man is bound to possess a faculty the dog cannot exercise, in that he can account for the reasons of things. Also in virtue of these powers, he can determine new modes of action, and fit his ways and works definitely into the varied circumstances of life. He can anticipate also, in virtue of this higher appreciation of his experiences, and so can regulate existence far beyond the abilities of any of his lower friends.

Dog stories, proverbially like those of anglers, are often received with a big grain of salt; but there is no need to exaggerate the often curiously human-like traits which "the friend of man," or the horse, elephant, or other animal which is susceptible of being trained, may occasionally develop. That which often puzzles me is the fact that up to a certain point, and under certain conditions, your dog will perform actions which show a singularly near approach to reasoning as their basis, while under other circumstances his intelligence seems to be curiously limited and circumscribed.

The dog will luxuriously enjoy the heat of the fire, but, although he has seen his master replenish the fire countless times, no dog I have ever heard of has been known to take coal from the scuttle, and so maintain the welcome heat when the fire has died down. It might be possible to train a dog specially to perform this action. What one sees in the way of the results of training on, say, the music-hall stage would warrant this remark. I have certainly witnessed dogs perform actions which required more training than that whereby an animal could be taught on command to stoke the fire. But it is the initial difficulty of appreciating why a fire burns out and how it can be replenished which we have to meet; and the dog, equally with other intelligent creatures, apparently cannot surmount it. This is precisely where the human superiority exhibits itself. We might refer back the whole question, indeed, to one of consciousness. We are rationally conscious; the dog is not.

Even if so much be agreed to, the nature of the canine or other mental processes is still left an unsolved matter. The young ant or bee emerging from its chrysalis state requires no training in respect of the often intricate duties it performs. It inherits the whole antecedent experience of its race. A certain environment excites certain acts, and there the matter might seem to end. But as against this view, or at least, as increasing our difficulties, we are met by the fact that ants differ materially in respect of their mode of life. There are species whose existence is managed on relatively simple lines; other species have learned to make slaves and servitors of other kinds; others utilise the aphides insects as cows, and milk them of the sugary fluid they produce; while one species, at least, actually employs a certain caterpillar as a living sewing-machine, to tag together the leaves of which the ant-abode is made.

Now, all these variations of habit imply an evolution of nerve-powers, and, what is equally to the point, some degree of educational experience propagated from generation to generation. In other words, our ants have had to learn how to live the more complex life, so that between these wonderful insects and higher forms there may be found certain intellectual likenesses significant enough in the eyes of the comparative physiologist. It is not all a case of acts necessitated by variations in existence being simply handed on, but of new habits being formed and fresh ways acquired. It is not contended that all lower animals are susceptible in this way of what one might call a process of self-education; but some of them, as we have seen, certainly are.

Darwin makes the remark that a man who trained monkeys, and who used to make purchases at the London "Zoo," offered to pay higher prices if he could be allowed to return those animals he found insusceptible of being educated. This incident only justifies the assumption, known to lovers of dogs, that there exist very varied degrees of intelligence among individuals of the same race or breed. If one could "select" and produce a race of, say, dogs, whose members would be by inheritance well provided with brain-power, some interesting results might be forthcoming. But such a labour would require much time, money, skill, and patience, and these are items few possess in equal abundance.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F S S (Coventry).—The problem shall have early examination.

G R LAWLEY (Glasgow).—We agree with your estimate of No. 3146. The draught problem you enclose is of no use to us.

J DALLIN PAUL and R ST. G. BURKE.—Marked for early insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3131 and 3132 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3136 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad, and F J M (Calcutta); of No. 3137 from F J M and Banarsi Das; of No. 3138 from Banarsi Das and J Deakin (Natal); of No. 3139 from D P Sethna (Bombay); of No. 3140 from Master Chunder Dutt (Calcutta); of No. 3141 from J Deakin, R Brown, and Master C Dutt; of No. 3142 from A G Bagot, C Field (Athol, Mass.), Robert H H von (New York) and Eugene Henry; of No. 3143 from A G Bagot, J Roberts (Hackney), F Lobb, F Drakeford (Brampton), Trial, F Field, Robert H Hixon and Eugene Henry; of No. 3144 from B Good (Alexandria), A G (Pancosova), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), Eugene Henry, F Drakeford, Clement Danby, J D Tucker, D B R (Oban), H Le Jeune, Mrs. Mundy (Cornwood), E J Rodway (Trowbridge) and Rev. A Mays (Bedford); of No. 3145 from J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A G Bagot, C E Perugini, T Roberts (Hackney), Eugene Henry, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), L Desanges (West Drayton), R Worters (Canterbury), Clement Danby, E J Winter-wood, J W (Campsie), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, Shadforth, Captain Challice, Doryman, Café Glacier (Marseilles), and H S Brandreth (Dieppe).

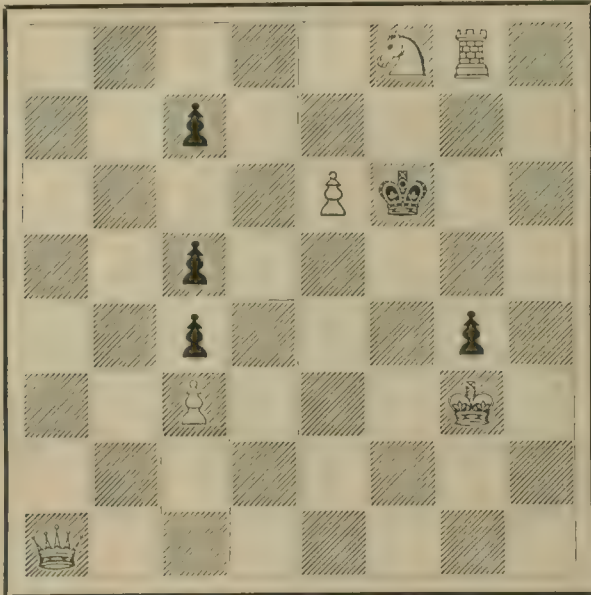
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3146 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), L Desanges, C C Haviland (Frimley Green), W J Bearne (Paignton), E Polglease (Bristol), A G Bagot, J A S Hanbury, Shadforth, M Folwell, Martin F, J W Wood, A Belcher (Weycombe), G C B, M C Coad (Walthamstow), W Hopkinson (Derby), R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), S Davis (Leicester), F Ede (Canterbury), P D (Brighton), H S Brandreth (Dieppe), M. Hobhouse, Doryman, Patrick C Littlejohn (Rugby), Clement Danby, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F A Coles (Swancombe), Dawlish and District Club, Eugene Henry, A S Brown (Paisley), Charles Burnett, Fire Plug, J W (Campsie), Sorrento, C E Perugini (Kensington), T. Roberts, Café Glacier (Marseilles), G Jacobs (Glasgow), and G R Lawley.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3145.—By C. B. WITHERLE.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q sq
2. Q to Kt 4th (ch)
3. P takes P (en passant), Mate.
If Black play 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Q to R 4th (ch); if 1. K to K 4th, 2. B to B 2nd; if 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Q to B 3rd (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), and 3. B or Q Mate.

PROBLEM No. 3148.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the National Tournament between Messrs. GUNSBURG and GUNSTON.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Gunsberg).	BLACK (Mr. Gunston).	WHITE (Mr. Gunsberg).	BLACK (Mr. Gunston).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	earns the position. Black's replies are practically forced from now onwards.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. B to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B sq
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th	15. P to K R 3rd	B to K B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	16. B takes B	P takes B
5. B to K 2nd	K P takes P	17. B takes B	P takes B
6. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 5th	18. R to K 6th	Kt to B 3rd
7. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
8. P to Q 4th	P to K Kt 4th	20. B to R 3rd	R to R 2nd
An advance of the King's wing Pawns at so early a stage is attended by danger, and here disaster directly follows.		21. B takes Kt	B takes B
9. R to K sq	P to K R 4th	22. Q takes P (ch)	R to B 2nd
10. B to Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt	23. Q to Kt 6th	Q to Q 2nd
11. P takes Kt	P to R 3rd	24. Kt takes P	R to Kt 2nd
12. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	25. Q takes P	B to K 2nd
13. R to Kt sq	Kt to R 4th	R takes Kt is equally met by White's reply, which wins in his old style.	
14. P to K 6th		26. Q to R 8th (ch)	R to Kt sq
A very powerful move, which virtually.		27. R to B 5th (ch)	Resigns.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Coburg Tournament between Messrs. JOHN and SUCHTING.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Threatening White with either the loss of his Queen or mate.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. Q to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	13. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th
4. Castles	Kt takes P	14. Q to Q B 3rd	R to K sq
5. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	15. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
6. B takes Kt	Q P takes B	16. B to K 3rd	Q to Kt 5th
7. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	17. B takes Kt	B to Q 4th
8. Q to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	18. P to Kt 3rd	Q takes B
9. P to Kt 3rd	Castles	It would be hard to find more beautiful play than Black's during the last few moves.	
10. Kt takes K B P.		19. R to K H sq	Q to Kt 5th
Ingenious, but altogether too premature. There is not sufficient force available to maintain the attack, and the consequent retreat leads to trouble.		20. Kt to Q 2nd	R to K 7th
11. Q takes B	B takes Kt	21. Kt to K 4th	Q to B 6th
	Q to B sq	22. Q to R 5th	R takes Kt
		23. P to B 4th	R takes P
		White resigns.	

The National Chess Tournament ended in the success of Mr. Napier, who, although generally ranked as an American player, was qualified by his English birth for entrance to the tourney. Mr. Teichmann, who finished in great style, was second, and Messrs. Gunsberg, Blackburne, and Shoomsmith divided the third, fourth, and fifth prizes. The last-named made a very striking debut, and ties with Mr. Napier for the Newnes British Amateur Cup.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. { Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 5s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s. Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s. 1 Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.
ABROAD. { Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. Christmas Half-year, £1 12s.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. Christmas Quarter, 11s. 3d.

THE RED CROSS IN NAVAL WARFARE.

Are the chances of the wounded at sea to-day much better than they were a hundred years ago? In some respects it may be doubted: for whilst surgical skill has increased greatly, so has the destructive power of the guns; and modern mines and torpedoes introduce a new element of utter annihilation in the space of a minute or so that belongs entirely to ironclad warfare, and has no counterpart in the old battles, save in the rare instances when a battle-ship blew up, like *L Orient* at the Nile. Taken altogether, a man's chances are smaller than they were in the more leisurely battles of long ago. And in spite of the horrible roughness of surgery in those days, the wounded had one advantage over their modern comrades in suffering. Surgeons then were blunderers compared with those of to-day, and the mercy of an anæsthetic was unknown—it is not wise to follow the *via dolorosa* to those old cockpits too closely—but at least they could collect and dress their wounded in comparative security. The construction of a modern battle-ship alters all this, for with its numberless compartments, divisions, and water-tight doors (all of which would be closed in action), it would be almost impossible to remove the wounded from the place where they received their hurts to a place of safety where they could be attended to.

But now the destroyer, the torpedo-boat, and, under certain conditions, the submarine, have brought a new element of terror into naval war. A certain school of young officers in the New Navy pin their whole faith to these weapons, and are ready to prove their faith with a daring, a contemptuous facing of dark dangers, that is almost inconceivable to the average shore-going mind. And it is a fact that a battle-ship may be annihilated, swept literally off the face of the seas, in less time than it took to back the topsails of an old first-rate, as has been desperately proved by the Russian *Petrofavlowsk* and the Japanese *Hatsuse*.

The loss of life in land warfare has considerably decreased, in spite of the increased range and accuracy of artillery. But the proportion of loss at sea is, if anything, rather greater, as Mr. H. W. Wilson makes plain in "Ironclads in Action," which was, of course, written before the present Russo-Japanese War lent emphasis to his statements. It goes without saying that the heaviest loss always falls upon the losing side. At the battle of Lissa in 1866 and at the Yalu in 1894 the greater number of men lost their lives through drowning. This will always occur when a battle-ship comes by her end either by ram, torpedo, or explosion, instead of being simply beaten to a standstill by the fire of her enemy's guns.

The moral to be drawn from this is simple. Battle-ships are built for destruction, and it is out of their power in an engagement to turn aside to save life. Behind the fighting-line on shore follow the ambulance and the Red Cross. Surely they are equally needed at sea! Because we have had no naval war on a large scale since Trafalgar, we have made no adequate provision for naval wounded. The Navy is a long way behind the Army in this respect.

It is a somewhat striking fact that the British Navy is only provided with one hospital-ship—the *Maine*—and that ship was presented to the Admiralty by the Atlantic Transport Company and the ladies of America. It is only quite recently that the Admiralty have taken any steps towards solving the problem presented by the naval wounded. The appointment of a committee to inquire into the best method of removing the wounded and the surgeons to protected places below the water-line in ships belonging to classes such as the *Duncans* and *Londons* was good as a beginning, but we want something more than inquiries without deeds.

On going down to the Sick Bay, and considering the extremely limited accommodation, I have been much struck with the poor chances of the wounded in action. The perpendicular ladders and awkward passages are in themselves sufficient support to Fleet-Surgeon Handyside's contention that men would be obliged to lie pretty much where they fell. Therefore, it is most necessary that such an essential thing as "first aid" should be taught to our fleetmen. If an hour or two each week were taken from the cleaning of paint-work, and devoted to learning how to stop-bleeding from an artery or how to prevent a simple from becoming a compound fracture, many lives and limbs might be saved when "the real thing" comes.

At "general quarters" on board ship the stokers' bath-room is the accepted place for the surgeons and their instruments; it takes the place of the old cockpit. But the naval surgeon I have already quoted considers this is quite wrong, and not a preparation for actual war at all. He says that the wounded could not be brought to the bath-rooms, and that even if they could they ought not to be, as it is "without exception the most septic place in the ship," and the heat and foul air would make it most undesirable for wounded men.

All this is from the point of view of the treatment of the wounded in the battle-ships themselves—treatment which, at the best, can only be of a temporary description; for, as has been seen, the arrangements on board a battle-ship for dealing with the wounded are quite inadequate. After an action there would be great need of small vessels bearing a Red Cross flag to pick up the drowning and relieve the fighting ships of their burden of wounded—in fact, to play the part of the ambulance on shore. Of course, there would be difficulties in the way of voluntary aid in the form of Red Cross ships, for to be of any use after an engagement they would have to keep in touch with the men-of-war and yet clear of the very extensive zone of fire of modern guns. Above all, they would have to be properly authorised and recognised by both sides. Granted such authorisation, the outbreak of naval war would present a great opportunity to rich and generous citizens, for private steam-yachts could easily be turned into floating hospitals.

But this does not alter the fact that provision for the wounded is an Admiralty business, which must not be left to the generosity of private individuals, or until the very eve of action.

AMONG THE MAD FOLK: A SCENE IN AN ASYLUM IN THE ITALIAN HIGHLANDS.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI.



WRECKS OF HUMANITY IN THE SANATORIUM OF THE VAL DI ROSE.

The sanatorium where our Artist made his drawing was founded by the Contessa Cecilia de Soberano. One of the most pitiable inmates is a former famous stage-dancer, whom Signor Pellegrini has depicted going through a travesty of her once-famous performance.

LADIES' PAGE.

Princess Christian's journey to visit the grave of her son who gave up his life for his country in South Africa is a sad pilgrimage; but we must hope that it will bring a certain sort of comfort to the bereaved heart of one of the kindest and wisest of all our excellent Princesses. The only other son of Princess Christian is in the German army, and is seldom in England; in part, he decided to ally himself most closely with the land of his father



AN ARTISTIC TEA GOWN.

In crepe de Chine, having the stole ends down the front and sleeves edged with lace.

rather than with that of his mother, because there is a prospect of his becoming a reigning German Prince. The German Empress is a niece of Prince Christian, and her Imperial Majesty's brother, Prince Christian's nephew, having no children, his uncle is the heir-apparent to his rights. Among these rights will, in all appearance, come in course of time the succession to the Grand Dukedom of Oldenburg; and so Prince Christian's son, naturally inheriting his father's claims, is now looked on as likely one day to succeed to that title.

During the season recently ended, the Queen has revived a fashion in jewellery. Her Majesty has settled her choice in colours for her gowns almost exclusively on mauve and grey at present, and with her mauve Court and other evening dresses, she has frequently worn the splendid set of old amethysts that she owns. The consequence is that the stones have been brought into favour again; the price of these intrinsically exquisite gems is raised perceptibly, and in every jeweller's you can now find amethyst ornaments set forth in a place of honoured display. Many women of rank who for years have kept their ancestresses' ornaments in amethysts locked up, too, have now brought them out and had them reset or repolished. The rich violet tint of the stone is indeed beautiful, but it had been out of fashion for some years, till the Queen's favour revived its vogue. The same fact might be mentioned, also, about the shades of mauve that her Majesty, by wearing them, shows to be so becoming and suitable. For a long time these tones were "out," and old ladies who remained faithful to what, in their younger days, was called "peach-blossom" shade, and which they had always worn, found great difficulty in obtaining even their cap-ribbons therein. But now we are again aware that there is no tint more becoming or suitable to middle-aged women's wear, and that it makes delightfully dainty confections; and it is most fashionable accordingly, and is being made largely in velvet for visiting gowns for the coming winter. "Eminence" is to be the fashionable name of the newest shade of dress purple, it being the tint worn by Cardinals.

Royal personages influence their countries as much, or more, by their example as by their laws and their formal royal acts. The King has caused a certain degree of commotion among his subjects, so a man's paper informs me, by the creasing of his trousers in a new fashion. Instead of the time-honoured crease down the front, they are to be worn now creased at

each side. Then the Prince of Wales has introduced the wearing of bright pink and blue shirts; and at Goodwood the whole company of the superior sex blossomed forth in white top hats after the first day, because the King had appeared in that headgear. The fact is that men have fashions, and suffer therefrom, as much as we do. Tall, hard "chimney-pot" hats, high, stiff linen collars, and heavy cloth coats of much the same texture to be worn alike during summer heats and winter frosts, are simply men's fashions, and are certainly nearly as senseless as some of ours are! The variations that men's fashions undergo is best gauged by noticing the differences between the portraits of one male generation and its grandsons: we see plainly enough then that changes have been brought about, perhaps slowly, but very surely.

For my part I rather regret that the long-continued efforts on the part of the more sensible members of the stronger sex to secure a dull, monotonous, useful, but inartistic general sort of dress for men have succeeded. How much more interesting must it have been to see rich colours, fine embroideries, and fantastic outlines ever-fresh in the costumes of our men friends than it is now, when "the more they change, the more they are the same thing." It took many centuries to establish the present stern régime in this respect. I wonder if, after many days, the dress reformers will have their way about our clothes, and if the woman of the future will wear only materials of sombre tones, cut always on defined and inartistic lines, equally enforced on young and old as the only possible wear, and suitable for business rather than decorative show? It may seem improbable, but hardly more so than would once have seemed a prophecy of the uniformity and ugliness that men's clothes have maintained now for over a century, despite the minor changes of fashion already alluded to.

In the more gorgeous days of male apparel, the sumptuary laws that the dress reformers and sensible persons of the time used to secure were directed chiefly against male excesses of apparel. There is, for instance, an ordinance issued by the Lord Mayor and the Court of Common Council in 1611, with regard to the dress of the 'prentices, who were in many cases the sons of wealthy City merchants, gaining "freedom of the City" by apprenticeship. It was ordained in the proclamation, amongst much else, that "they shall wear no hat lined, faced, or tufted with velvet, silk, or taffety; nor any lawn bands nor lace-edged collars; nor any *pukadillie* or other support about the collars of their doublets; nor breeches or doublets of any kind of silk; nor gloves garnished with silver or gold lace, velvet, or silk; nor girdles or garters or shoe-ties of silk or ribbon, nor any rose or such like toys at all upon the shoes or garters; nor sleeves held out by a framework of wire; nor silk stockings; nor Spanish leather shoes, nor any shoes with high heels; nor the hair done with any tufts or locks, but cut close in decent manner." I think the vision of the 'prentice dressed as he would evidently have liked to be, and would have been without the dress reformers on the Common Council and my Lord Mayor, is simply lovely. I would have just liked to see one of them with it all on—tufts

and locks to his hair, topped by a hat faced and tufted with velvet; a silken doublet, with sleeves supported by wire, finished by a deep lawn collar edged with lace and held out by a *pukadillie*; gloves trimmed with silver lace and gauntleted with velvet; silk breeches and hose, confined by a girdle, garters and shoestrings of ribbon, adorned with a rose or some other toy of the like kind; and high heels to his Spanish leather shoes!

Mrs. Maybrick's release has raised a very important question for American women—namely, whether a native-born woman loses her American citizenship by marrying a foreigner? If Mrs. Maybrick had become an Englishwoman by her marriage, the alien law that forbids the admission to the United States of any person convicted elsewhere of crime would have prevented her from landing at New York. A short time ago one of the U.S. Courts held that a woman did alienate herself by her marriage with a foreigner; but this decision caused consternation, as so many American women marry in that manner, and by no means wanted to cease to be under American law as a result. It has been telegraphed from Washington that Mrs. Maybrick has been held not to have lost her American citizenship by her marriage, and this ought to be a general decision holding good for all other women. On her landing at New York she was met by her most constant and untiring friends, a husband and wife, both doctors, named Densmore. They have been unceasing in their exertions to get her free, believing her innocent of murder, and have aroused on her behalf considerable feeling in America.

I was reminded of the Doctors Densmore a day or two before (in the curious way in which one often does hear of persons or similar circumstances from more than one source simultaneously), when I read a précis of the report of the Committee that has been sitting to consider the alleged physical deterioration of this country's people. The "evidence" taken seems to have been in large part the opinions of "cranks" of one and another order. A certain Doctor Haig declared that "meat, soup, meat extracts, beef tea, and jellies" were all harmful; while "fish and bacon should be eliminated from the diet": all are fertile causes of the formation in the blood of uric acid, and thence of degeneracy. "Oh, a vegetarian!" you say lightly. Not at all. He continued, and informed the astonished Committee that

"vegetarians will take poisonous things, such as beans and peas and lentils; they are twice as poisonous as meat." He proceeded to denounce tea, coffee, and beer on like grounds. An astonished member of the Committee inquired what he might be permitted to consume under these circumstances? The witness replied that "bread, biscuits, and macaroni" were permissible. "I live chiefly upon bread," he proudly announced: let us hope he is six foot high and stalwart, and altogether fit to be a Guardsman in physique. But now here is the point that bewilders me. The Doctors Densmore, while resident in London a few years ago, used to publish a monthly paper called *Natural Food*, which they kindly bestowed upon me; and therein I used to be instructed periodically that just the most fatal thing in the world that I and my household could do was to eat bread. "Bread is the staff of death," was the formula wherewith they used to make my flesh creep as effectually as the Fat Boy ever accomplished that feat in the pages of "Pickwick." Bread dries up the coats of the arteries, ossifies them; and arterial stiffening is the main source of old-age symptoms and premature death; that is the argument as far as I remember. So now what are we to do? These opponents of bread also were doctors, mark you; and two doctors, although made one by the marriage service. Apparently, then, for our own good, we are to resign partaking of bread, meat, fish, bacon, lentils, peas, beans, soups, jellies, tea, coffee, and beer. Well, really, I am not going to starve! I am not prepared to pay such a price to be "undegenerate."

What nonsense it all is! How much better to partake of all "the kindly fruits of the earth in their due season." The Doctors Densmore's "natural food," I ought to add, was fruit and nuts. No doubt our aboriginal ancestors subsisted on those viands in large part; but evidence is to seek that they were healthier and larger and better specimens of humanity than civilised man to-day. With plenty of varied, well-cooked food, composed of everything edible that you find does not from individual peculiarity "disagree with you," healthy surroundings in air, soil, and dwelling-place, and an ancestry who have enjoyed the like advantages and not weakened their vitality with alcohol, tobacco, over-work, or any evil courses—and "uric acid" and "natural food" and all other fads may be defied. But there is one matter that seems to require immediate attention. If the laws do not provide against it already



THE NEWEST FASHION IN A WALKING COSTUME.

Built in face cloth and trimmed with military braid of a darker shade. The revers and collar are of white cloth embroidered.

(as I should suppose they actually do), then new legislation should not be delayed on the point—that is, the use of preservatives in milk. There has occurred in a large provincial town an apparent epidemic of sickness among the babies, some hundreds being affected, which has been medically traced to the fact that large quantities of drugs are administered by milk-dealers to the tiny consumers of their fluid food. Not only does it stand to reason that "preservatives" must be injurious when taken regularly in food, but this instance of the mischief done only confirms the result of some experiments made by the American Board of Health on the point.

FILOMENA.

IMPORTANT TO ALL !!!**“The Trident of Neptune is the Sceptre of the World.”***“Duty is the demand of the passing hour.”—Goethe.*Then *“Do that liest nearest thee, thy second duty will already have become clearer.”—Carlyle.***CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.****THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.****BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.****THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.**

“AN ISLAND,” he pointed out,
 “REQUIRED for its PERFECT DEFENCE
 THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.
 ONE of the CONSEQUENCES of
 THE COMMAND of the SEA was that
 THE COASTS of the WORLD were peculiarly
 UNDER the INFLUENCE of the NATION that
 Held it.
 BUT THOUGH the POWER GIVEN
 BY the COMMAND of the SEA
 WAS SO GREAT,
 IT WAS CONDITIONED by a MORAL LAW.
 THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG
 ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE
 THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED
 FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.
 THE BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist
 ONLY SO LONG as it was a USEFUL AGENT
 FOR the GENERAL BENEFIT of HUMANITY.
 THAT HITHERTO SHE had obeyed this law we
 might fairly claim.
 SHE had used her almost undisputed monopoly
 of the ocean
 TO INTRODUCE LAW and CIVILISATION all
 over the globe.
 SHE had DESTROYED PIRACY and the SLAVE
 TRADE
 AND HAD OPENED to the TRADE of ALL
 NATIONS
 EVERY PORT on the globe EXCEPT those that
 belonged to the CONTINENTAL POWERS.
 BUT ALL THIS led to the conclusion
 THAT BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD,
 OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH and DECAY as a
 NATION.”

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.—*Spectator.***WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.***Read Pamphlet given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT' SALT.***IN LIFE'S PLAY**THE PLAYER of the other side
IS HIDDEN from us.WE KNOW that His play is
ALWAYS FAIR, JUST, and PATIENT,
BUT we also know to our COST that He
NEVER OVERLOOKS A MISTAKE.—HUNLEY.**WAR!!**Oh, world!
Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate!—BYRON.**THE COST OF WAR.**

“GIVE ME the MONEY that has been SPENT
 in WAR
 AND I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND
 upon the Globe;
 I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD
 in an ATTIRE of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud;
 I WILL BUILD A SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY
 HILLSIDE and in EVERY VALLEY over the whole earth;
 I WILL BUILD AN ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN
 and endow it, a COLLEGE in EVERY STATE, and will fill it with
 able professors;
 I WILL crown every hill with a PLACE OF
 WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL of PEACE.
 I WILL support in every Pulpit an able TEACHER
 of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one
 hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide
 circumference;
 AND the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG of
 PRAISE
 SHOULD ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST
 to heaven.”—RICHARD.
 WHY all this TOIL and STRIFE?
 THERE is ROOM ENOUGH for ALL.
 WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES
 MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR!

“I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND
 TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE.
 SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL
 SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO
 SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY
 OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the
 woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is
 bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor
 child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not
 allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as
 little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the
 pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial
 eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE
 SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and
 BODY—which exists in England!”—KINGSLEY.

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.*‘HEALTH is the GREATEST of ALL POSSESSIONS: and ’tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.’—Dickens.***WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?****ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'**

Is Health-Giving, Purifying, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing, and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple, and Effective Remedy for
 All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick
 Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Gouty and Rheumatic Poisons,
 Boils, Sleeplessness, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY, A SAD ONE BUT AN HOUR.*ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' rectifies the Stomach and makes the Liver laugh with joy by natural means. (Or, in other words, Gentleness does more than Violence.) Its universal success proves the truth of the above assertion.***MORAL FOR ALL—**

“I need not be missed if another succeed me,
 To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
 He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
 He is only remembered by what he has done.”

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Randall Davidson sailed last Friday in the White Star steamer *Celtic* for New York. Their first destination is Quebec, and it is hoped that the Archbishop may preach in the Cathedral next Sunday, which will be the hundredth anniversary of its consecration. After leaving Quebec the party proceeds to Montreal and Toronto. Visits will also be paid to New York and Washington, and in the first week of October the Archbishop proceeds to Boston.

The Bishop of London, who has been suffering from insomnia, has derived benefit from his visit to Hatlech, where he spent a week as guest of Dr. Field, Warden of Radley. Dr. Ingram has now gone to Carlisle. His favourite holiday amusement is golfing.

Now that Parliament has given permission for a See of Birmingham to be established, everyone is asking, Who will be the first Bishop? The city has set its heart on obtaining Bishop Gore, who has been the virtual founder of the diocese. It is hoped that he will be enthroned in St. Philip's Church next Easter. No costly palace will be necessary, but it is rumoured that a large and convenient house in the Edgbaston district will be provided as a Bishop's residence.

A largely attended Conference of the United Free Church was held last week at Inverness for the purpose of considering the present crisis. At a crowded public meeting a resolution was carried promising loyal support. Among the speakers at Inverness were Principal Rainy, Lord Overton, Dr. Denney, and the Rev. John Kelman. Later in the week similar meetings were held at Dingwall, Strathpeffer, and Wick. A feature of the Dingwall meeting was an eloquent speech by Professor Stalker. He is strongly

opposed to the abandonment of pulpits or colleges, and used the expression of St. Paul, "Let them come themselves, and fetch us out."

Much sympathy is felt with Prebendary Webb-Peploe in the bereavement he has sustained by the death of his son, the Rev. R. Murray Webb-Peploe, at

The formal opening of Chichester Cathedral organ, which has been extensively altered and repaired, will take place on Sept. 28. The choirs of Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals will help in the festival service.

Missionaries in East Africa report that the Moham-medans are becoming active in proselytising work.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has started a Mohammedan College, while a writer in the *Likoma Quarterly* said lately that Moslem teachers were everywhere at work. The *Guardian* suggests that this activity should be met by a better missionary apologetic. The business of such a department would be to collect the most striking criticisms of Mohammedism, and popularise them for the use of the individual workers.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has taken a very short holiday this year, and is expected in his own pulpit next Sunday. His place has been occupied during August by the Rev. Thomas Yates, of Liverpool, whose reputation as a preacher has risen rapidly during the last three years.

The Bishop of Exeter, in a recent address, dealt with the question of prayers for the dead. He pointed out that many passages in St. Paul's writings prove that the early Christians were much occupied by anxiety as to the condition of those who were fallen asleep. In no passage did St. Paul say that the one thing which the dead primarily needed was the prayers of those who

remained behind. That was a patent fact of New Testament teaching which it was not consistent with loyalty to the New Testament to pass over or ignore. Dr. Robertson added that it did not follow from the omission that it was wrong to offer prayers for those who were departed. If it had been wrong, St. Paul would not, in his opinion, have offered that prayer which occurred in the second chapter of Timothy.—V.



IN THE NEW SUMMER UNIFORM: JAPANESE BUGLE CORPS AT FENG-HWANG-CHENG.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

the early age of thirty - eight. Before his health declined, this young clergyman was curate to his father, and he spent some years in Canada as incumbent of Christ Church, Sheep Creek. The late Mr. Webb - Peplow had suffered for about ten years from lung trouble, and he went to Canada in hope of deriving benefit from a cold, dry climate. He had been an invalid for more than two years.

London Show Rooms:

OXFORD STREET, W., 158 TO 162
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., 2
REGENT STREET, W., 220

SHEFFIELD: The Royal Works.

MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.

MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.
Mappin & Webb
LTD.

London Show Rooms:

OXFORD STREET, W., 158 TO 162
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., 2
RECENT STREET, W., 220

MANCHESTER:
24-26, ST. ANN'S SQ.

JOHANNESBURG:
PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDINGS.

[illegible]

PARIS.—MAPPIN & WEBB beg to announce that early in October they will open a Branch Establishment at 23, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES, PARIS, at which all their well-known goods of English manufacture may be obtained.

VIM

A powder for cleaning and polishing all things made of Metal.
For cleaning Marble, Paint, Floors, Linoleum, Kitchen Utensils.
VIM, a pure, odourless cleanser of great power.



Sprinkle a little on your brush when scrubbing Floors or Kitchen-tables. The handiest and most rapid of all cleaning and polishing preparations. VIM, in round boxes with sifting tops. VIM supersedes soap.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND OILMEN.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, - ENGLAND

The name LEVER on VIM is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

ART NOTES.

A portrait by Titian is a happy addition to the treasures of the National Gallery, hitherto lacking any representation of the master in this memorable department of his art. "The Darnley Titian" is now the nation's at the price of £30,000, and the first word of acknowledgment should go to Lady Wantage, to Lord Burton, Lord Iveagh, Mr. Astor, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. Beit for the generous contributions made by them towards the purchase money.

The picture comes from the Darnley collection at Cobham with the label of "Ariosto." The label matters little. The public's idea of what a poet looks like may be open to a rather general correction; but in this case the portrait must be pronounced to be not only not in the least what a poet is expected by the sentimental to appear, but not at all like Ariosto's own features, as the other records hand them down to us. Anyway, we have a genuine Titian, and a genuine Titian at his best period. The flower of Venetian art is here seen at its culmination. A little later we have its fall. The influence of Giorgione is still strong on Titian; and nowhere can we turn for a more brilliant and realistic treatment of the robes, with their blue-greys and their nut-browns, and their exquisite textures. The face is not the strongest part of the picture; there has been a retouching that was not according to discretion.

Unluckily, a little footnote is generally needed to any paragraph of congratulation penned about the administration of our public galleries. While rejoicing in this addition to the Trafalgar Square treasury, we are reminded of the foregone Giorgione portrait, which was offered to the National Gallery at half the price at which the Berlin Gallery acquired it,

successive Presidents of the Royal Academy is a matter of common knowledge. In this respect he maintains a family tradition; for his great-grandfather, the fifth Earl, had a warm friendship for the first President, and commemorated it in some verses "To Sir Joshua Reynolds on his resignation of the President's chair of the Royal Academy, 1790." The lines are all of the

end of the eighteenth century, when the Minor Poet had a measured decorum even in doggerel—

Too wise for contest and too meek
for strife,
Like Lear oppressed by those you
raised to life,
Thy sceptre broken, thy dominion
o'er,
The curtain falls and thou'rt a
king no more.

"Truth and the weeping
muse" are pictured as wait-
ing with the verse-writer till
Science shall teach Britannia's
self to moan,
And make, O injured friend, thy
wrongs her own."

The Art of England's past
is reviewed. Then Reynolds
appears, and is hailed—

Turn we from such to thee, whose
nobler art
Rivets the eye and penetrates the
heart. . . .
Accept again thy power, resume
thy chair,
Nor leave it till thou place an
Equal there.

Sir Joshua could do many and great things, but to obey this last injunction was beyond his power. We have yet to see whether the bidding of the Lord Carlisle of to-day and his colleagues on the Chantrey Committee will prove a more forcible counsel than this old one to the ruling President. W. M.



THE MIDLAND RAILWAY'S NEW SERVICE TO IRELAND: THE STEAMER "ANTRIM."

The company's steamers, of which the "Antrim" is an excellent type, sail from Heysham Harbour, near Morecambe, for Belfast. The vessels are equipped in the finest modern style of passenger-boats. They were built by Messrs. Biles, Gray, and Co., of London and Glasgow.

and at one-thirtieth the price now given for this contemporary Titian,

Lord Carlisle's presence on the Chantrey Inquiry Committee was lately cited as giving additional force to its recommendations; for his friendship with three

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS, L.
6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
WEST END BRANCH THE DIAMOND MERCHANTS ALLIANCE, L. 68 PICCADILLY, W.

Telephones { 5128 Gerard
1939 Central.

? What does she say?

Telegrams—"Ruspoli, London."

"I purchased all my jewels upon Credit on 'The Times' System of Monthly Payments, at Catalogue Prices, from The Association of Diamond Merchants, Ltd."

"I purchased all my jewels upon Credit on 'The Times' System of Monthly Payments, at Catalogue Prices, from The Association of Diamond Merchants, Ltd."

"THE TIMES" SYSTEM OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.
£5 5s. £5 5s.

JAN.— Garnet
FEB.— Amethyst
MARCH.— Bloodstone
APRIL.— Diamond or Sapphire
MAY.— Emerald
JUNE.— Agate

JULY.— Ruby
AUG.— Sardonyx
SEPT.— Chrysolite
OCT.— Opal
NOV.— Topaz
DEC.— Turquoise

Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin, Whole Pearl Ball, 12s. 6d.

18-ct. Gold Golf Ball Scarf Pin, 15s. 6d.

New Diamond Brooch, or Hair Ornament, £6 6s. Choice Whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £6 6s.

Photographs reproduced as miniatures. Enamelled and Beautifully Mounted in Gold, with the Gems which signify the Natal Month, as Brooch or Pendant, from £3 3s. to £15 15s., according to value of gems.

As above, surrounded with Pearls, £5 5s. Miniatures specially painted on Ivory by our own Artist £1 1s. extra.

SPLENDID VALUE.—All Diamond Necklace; also forms Tiara, £145.

£5000 worth of Second-hand Jewels. Write for Special Illustrated List.

Highest Prices given for Old Gold Jewellery and Precious Stones. Offers made by return of post.

PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. THE FINEST IN THE WORLD & 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS. POST FREE.

HENNESSY'S

THREE STAR

BRANDY.

Messrs. Hennessy guarantee all their Brandies to be Genuine Grape, and distilled from Wine only.

PRICE'S CANDLES.

GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE
FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS

GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE
FOR USE UNDER SHADES

WHEN MOTORING



You will find
nothing more
Invigorating
and
Sustaining
than a cup of

Fry's **PURE CONCENTRATED**
Cocoa
300 Gold Medals, &c.

TRY ALSO

FRY'S COCOA and MILK,

A Combination of FRY'S PURE COCOA with the BEST ENGLISH MILK.

Made Instantly with Boiling Water.

No Milk or Sugar Required.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S YACHTING AND DEER-STALKING
TELESCOPES AND BINOCULARS.



Special terms to Hotel Proprietors for Telescopes for Visitors' use.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE BY POST TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



GOERTZ, ZEISS, and
other Prism Glasses
kept in stock.

TOURISTS' AND SEASIDE TELESCOPES.
NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA.

38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Branches: 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.



Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

Liquid 1/-
Powder 1/-

Original Large Size (Liquid and Powder together) 2/6

DAINTY SOZODONT SAMPLES, WITH TREATISE, FREE, 1D. STAMP.

HALL & RUCKEL, 46 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Southalls'
"SANITARY, ABSORBENT,"
ANTISEPTIC and of
GENTLY FERTILE
Towels

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
The Greatest Modern Improvement for Women's Comfort.

In Packets of one dozen, from 6d. to 2s.
A SAMPLE PACKET.

Containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2, and 4 post free for
six stamps by the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM.
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.



THE
WORLD'S
GRANDEST
CIGARETTE!

STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTES

HAND-MADE, THEREFORE
FREE FROM TOBACCO DUST.

No. 555: 4/9 per 100; 1/3 per 25; 6d. per 10.

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING TOBACCONISTS AND STORES
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Manufacturers: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Worship Street, E.C.



Benger's Food is sold in tins
by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1904), with a codicil, of MR. GEORGE WHITEHEAD, of Deighton Grove, Yorkshire, who died on May 4, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Jane Whitehead, the widow, and the Rev. George Talbot Whitehead, and Lionel Digby Whitehead, the sons, the value of the estate being £138,101. The testator gives £100 each to the York Hospital and the York Blind School; the household effects to his wife; and all his real estate to his son George Talbot. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her life or widowhood, or an annuity of £1000 should she again marry. Subject thereto, the ultimate residue is to be divided into three more parts than he shall have children, and he gives four of such parts to the son who shall succeed to the Deighton Grove property, and one part each to his other children.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1904) of MR. ROBERT JAMES PRESTON WHITE, of Leigh House, Chulmleigh, Devon, who died on March 21, has been proved by William Dawson, the sole executor, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £134,203. The testator bequeaths the household effects to his wife; £7500 to his son James Noel; £7500, in trust, for his daughter Joanna Frances; and legacies to servants. He settles all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property on his eldest son, but charged with the payment of £500 per annum to his wife; £150 per annum to his son James Noel; and £150 per annum to his daughter



THE BOROUGH OF DERBY'S PRESENTATION TO LORD CURZON.

The casket, which is of silver gilt, contained the address recording Lord Curzon's enrolment as a freeman of the Borough. The work was executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Limited, 112, Regent Street.

should she survive her mother and remain a spinster. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated July 29, 1896) of MR. JOSEPH FRYER, of Smelt House, Howden, Durham, who died on June 2, was proved on Aug. 12 by Edward Hutchinson, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, and Edwin Hodgson Bigland, the value of the estate amounting to £121,734. The testator gives £105 to his sister Rachel Ann Mounsey, and 50 guineas each to her five children; £500, all the household and domestic effects, and an annuity of £800 to his wife, Mrs. Annie Matilda Fryer; £220 each to his executors; 50 guineas to his clerk David Calvert; and £21 to his cook. The residue of his property he leaves in trust to apply the income in the payment off of the incumbrances on his real estate, and subject thereto for his children.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1900), with a codicil (of April 22, 1902), of MR. HENRY JOSEPH BRISTOW, J.P., of The Mount, Upton, Bexley Heath, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 16 by Mrs. Fanny Clara Bristow, the widow, and William Bristow, Herbert George Bristow, and Percy Alfred Bristow, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £106,192. The testator gives the use of the household furniture, etc., to his wife; £10,000 each, in trust, for his daughters Mary Lindsay, Ida Graham, and Clara Maud; £7000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Elsie Mary Cooper Marsdin; £5000 each to his sons William, Herbert George, Percy Alfred, and Walter Rowley; £300 per

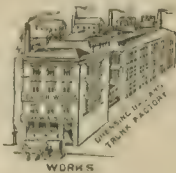


The
CIGARETTE
of
DISTINCTION.

THE NEW "CRAVEN."

Price 5/- per 100; 1/- per 20; 6d. per 10.
POSTAGE EXTRA.

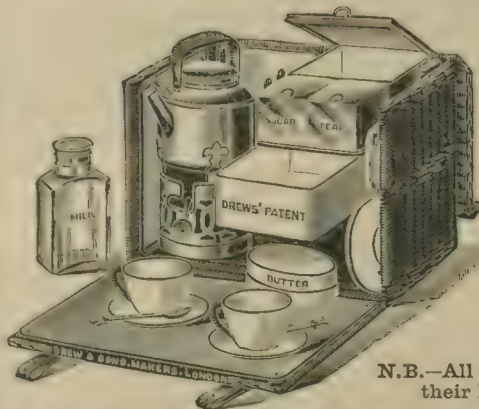
all Tobacconists, or from the Sole Manufacturers—
CARRERAS Ltd.,
West-End Depot: 7, WARDOUR ST., W.
Factory and Offices: 4, 5, 6, 7, & 8, St. James's Place, E.C.



DREW & SONS
Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Established over half a century.)

INVENTORS AND SOLE MAKERS.



THE NEW PATENT
'EN ROUTE' TEA BASKET.

FOR PICNICS, THE RIVER, MOTORING, &c.

Invaluable to all Travelling on the Continent.

A CUP OF TEA IN A FEW MINUTES.

Two Person size (as sketch), with
Silver-Plated Kettle ... £3 5s. 6d.
Or with all Fittings Silver-Plated
and Plated Tray ... £4 15s. 6d.

Size, 13 in. long by 8 in. wide by 10 in. high.

Sent carefully packed to all parts. Cheques should
accompany orders by post. Catalogue on application.

Also in Stock for Four and Six Persons.

N.B.—All Tea Baskets of Drews' make are fitted with
their Patent SAFETY Regulating Spirit Lamp.

DREW & SONS, Makers to the ROYAL FAMILY. DRESSING BAGS AND CASES. PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES,
1s. 6d. & 3s. each.

THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.
The Label of the ORIGINAL and
GENUINE Euxesis is printed with
Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow
Ground, and bears this TRADE
MARK—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors,
bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and
goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd.
The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.
From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.
Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd.,
Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

**TRIUMPH CYCLES and
MOTORS.**

"The BEST Bicycle that British workmanship
can produce." Catalogue post free.

Cycles from 10 guineas, or a
guinea per month.

TRIUMPH Cycle Co., Ltd., Coventry;
also 4-5, Holborn Viaduct, London, &c.

HOVENDEN'S EASY TRADE MARK
HAIR CURLER
PRICE 6^d. PER BOX.

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet
herbs and plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.

2s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,

Put up in glass jars, price 1s.

Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd.,
33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Send a 1d. Stamp
for free sample, and
full particulars of
£200 CASH
Lid Collecting Com-
petition.

TAKE CARE OF THE SKIN.

In warm Summer weather, the skin is susceptible to many
irritations, discolourations, eruptions, rashes, etc., and

**MENNEN'S
TOILET
POWDER**

is an effectual
preventive
of all such
troubles.

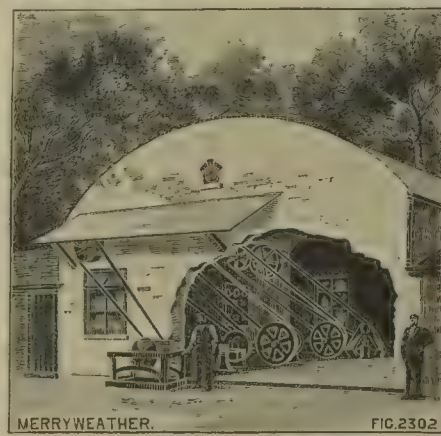
This famous preparation, which is completely antiseptic,
is made from pure Talcum and Boracic, whose action on
the skin is essentially sanitary and soothing. It imparts
a natural freshness to the skin surface and enables it to
resist sun and weather.

For Ladies and Children Indispensable, and just as useful
for Men, after shaving, after motoring, after exertion of
every kind. Good for tender feet. Comforting.

Pamphlet and samples FREE. Of all Chemists, 11½ per box.

G. MENNEN Co., 11, Queen Victoria Street, LONDON, E.C.

MERRYWEATHER
ON WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS.



INSTALLATION BY MERRYWEATHER'S AT EMO PARK,
PORTARLINGTON.

"We do the whole thing," including Boring Wells, Erecting Pumping
Machinery driven by Gas, Oil, or Steam Engines, or Electric Motors,
Laying Mains and Building Reservoirs, &c.
Ask Expert to Visit and Advise, or Write for Pamphlet,
"Water Supply to Mansions."

63, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

**Goddard's
Plate
Powder**

For Cleaning Silver Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

THE ALL-BRITISH TYRE.
The Acme of Comfort

SUPPLIED TO

H.M. The KING

H.R.H. The

PRINCE of

WALES

ETC.

PREMIER
(WIRED ON) TYRE

THE NORTH-BRITISH
RUBBER CO.
LIMITED.
EDINBURGH.

BRANCHES—
LONDON,
MANCHESTER,
GLASGOW,
EDINBURGH,
LEEDS,
LIVERPOOL,
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE &c.

**Oakey's "WELLINGTON"
Knife Polish**

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters
at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

ASK YOUR GROCER AND STORES FOR

- C & B** PICKLES
C & B MALT VINEGAR
C & B LUCCA OIL
C & B SOUPS IN TINS
C & B SOUPS IN GLASSES
C & B SOUPS IN TABLETS
C & B JAMS & JELLIES
C & B ORANGE MARMALADE
C & B POTTED MEATS & FISH
C & B FLAVOURING ESSENCES
C & B CURRIE POWDER
C & B CURRIES IN TINS
C & B LEMON SQUASH
C & B CALVESFOOT JELLIES
C & B JELLY TABLETS
C & B GROUND SPICES
C & B MANGO CHUTNEY
C & B TABLE DELICACIES

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
PURVEYORS TO THE KING
SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

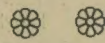


BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original & Only Genuine
Worcestershire.

BELL'S THREE NUNS TOBACCO



REFINEMENT.

There are smokers who ask for nothing better than strong, heavy, pungent tobaccos; others ask for something out of the common—a fragrance rich but delicate, a cool smoking blend with a distinctive character. For the former there are hundreds of tobaccos—for the latter there's "Three Nuns."

Or, if they want a stronger mixture of similar quaint character—there's "King's Head."

Both are obtainable everywhere in 1-oz. packets and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins, at 6d. per oz.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES
are sold everywhere in packets of 10, at 4d. per packet.



BENSON'S

WORLD-RENOVED

'FIELD' WATCH

THE MOST PERFECT WATCH AT THE PRICE.
Half-Chronometer. BEST LONDON MAKE.

Bréguet Sprung and adjusted. 18-ct. Gold Hunting or Half-Hunting Cases. £25 cash.

OR BY "The Times" SYSTEM OF

20 MONTHLY

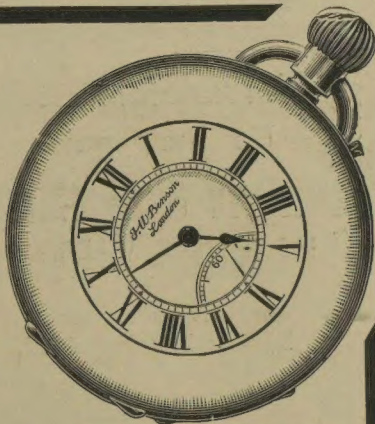
PAYMENTS of 25s.

At same prices as for cash.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Watches, Chains, Rings, Bags, and Suit Cases, Clocks, Imperial Plate and Cutlery for the Household, &c., FREE.

Steam Factory: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



18-ct. Gold.

GOLD ALBERTS
(Single or Double)
£5 to £25.

£25

Nicholson's

"NSS"

Whisky

J. & W. NICHOLSON & CO., Ltd.,
Distillers and Rectifiers.

Health and Strength
are promoted by the
daily use of

CEREBOS SALT

THE SORROWS OF PARTING

will be mitigated if your parting gift be a

"SWAN"

Fountain Pen

Sold by all
Stationers.



Writing will then
become a pleasure,
and though distance
separates friends, it will be
effectively bridged by a 'SWAN.'

Made in Three Sizes at

10/6, 16/6, 25/-,

up to £20, postage free.

Catalogue free on application.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

95a, Regent St., W., LONDON; 3, Exchange St., MANCHESTER;
and Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS. New York and Chicago.

annum to his mother and sister, and the survivor of them; £300 per annum to his sister-in-law Mrs. Eliza Bristow; £100 each to his godchildren Cecil Ingram and Dorothy Graham; £350 to Miss Ellen Echlin; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his eight children.

The will (dated June 8, 1904) of MR. ARTHUR DANIEL JONES, of Beechavon, Border Crescent, Sydenham, who died on July 23, was proved on Aug. 12 by Henry Bubb, Waldemar Friedlaender, and Charles Frederick Pollock, the value of the estate being £86,925. The testator gives £7000 to his daughter Dorothy Mary, when she attains twenty-five years of age; £1000 to his brother-in-law Edward Hayes; £3000 to Rhoda Mary Hayes; £3000 each to Lionel Edward Hayes and Geoffrey Heathfield Hayes; £200 each to his executors; £100 and an annuity of £100 to Louisa Janet Lowe; £200 to Henry Shackel; and £100 each to Thomas Ottaway, Mary Jane Robson, Maudie Bubb, and Pauline Jane Friedlaender. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughter and her issue.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1903) of MR. DAVID KENDALL, of Broome Lodge, Malvern, who died on July 12, was proved on Aug. 9 by Archibald Henry Weller and Philimon Charles Spence, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £80,347. The

testator gives £2000 to Caroline Robinson; £1000 to Paul Kendall; £500 to Fanny Smyth; £150 annuity to Philip William Beard; £75 per annum to Mary Ann Beard; £500 to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Anne Kendall; £80 per annum to George Hayes; £100 each to the Great Malvern Parochial Schools; the Malvern Rural Hospital, and the Malvern Dispensary; £100 to the Worcester Infirmary; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then to her brothers and sisters, except Philip William Beard, and the children of any deceased brother and sister.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1901) of MR. LEWIS GEORGE WARSON MILLES, late R.A., of the Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, and 3A, Palace Mansions, Pimlico, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 15 by Arthur Gardner Wells and Arthur Richmond Farrer, the value of the estate being £61,785. The testator gives £5000 and the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Minnie Milles; £2500 to his sister Irma, wife of the Hon. Lewis Guy Scott; £500 to his godson William Vere Eagle Bott; £1000 to the widow of his brother George John; certain family portraits to Earl Sondes; £250 to Lily Geraldine Milles; £250 each to his executors; £100 to Mrs. Fanny Fane; and £50 per annum to Jane Forsyth. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1902), with four codicils (dated May 26, Sept. 28, and Nov. 30, 1903, and April 29, 1904), of SIR JOHN SIMON, K.C.B., F.R.S., of 40, Kensington Square, W., who died on July 23, was proved on Aug. 17 by Walter Maximilian de Zoete, Arthur Powell Simon, and Alfred Percival Perceval Keep, the value of the estate being £26,635, so far as can at present be ascertained. Subject to annuities to members of his family and others, the testator leaves all his property to St. Thomas's Hospital.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1902), with a codicil (of June 2, 1903), of MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, of Hengwet, Dolgelly, who died on April 5, has been proved by Richard John Lloyd Price, the executor, the value of the property amounting to £18,711. The testatrix gives the copyright of her works, and £300 to Miss Blanche Isabella Atkinson; her printed books to form a public library at Barmouth; £2000 each to Helen Louise Cobbe, Frances Conway Cobbe, Mabel Cobbe, and Winifred Cobbe; £1000 to her executor; £115 per annum to Sarah and Eliza Cobbe; and other legacies. She directs that a fee of £21 is to be paid to a doctor for severing the arteries of her neck and windpipe (nearly severing the head), so as to render her revival in the grave absolutely impossible. The residue of her property she leaves to the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

D'ALMAINE'S (Estd. 119 years) PIANOS and ORGANS. REDUCED PRICES. Carriage Free. On approval.

"SPECIAL" model .. 12½ gns.	"DUCHESS" model .. 23 gns.
"FINSBURY" model .. 15 gns.	"WAVERLEY" model .. 30 gns.
"ACADEMY" model .. 19 gns.	"ORPHEUS" model .. 34 gns.

2½ years' warranty. Easy terms arranged. Full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument. Organs from 5 guineas.

D'ALMAINE (Estd. 119 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

THE CHARMING WEST COUNTRY. THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

have made important additions to the facilities for travel to

The Bold and
Attractive Coasts
of DEVON and
CORNWALL.

The Grandeur of the ENGLISH
and BRISTOL CHANNELS.

The Charming
Hills and Valleys of
SOMERSET and
DORSET.

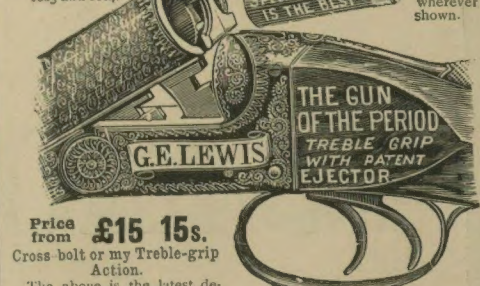
Full particulars can be obtained free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London. JAMES C. INGLIS, GENERAL MANAGER.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST,

And 156 to 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. [Telegraphic Address: "LINEN—Belfast."]
Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to
HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.
Supply the Public with Every Description of
HOUSEHOLD LINENS,
From the Least Expensive to the **FINEST** in the World, which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.
FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

G. E. LEWIS' "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1879 and 1880; Melbourne, 1880 and 1881; and Calcutta, 1883 and 1884.



Price from **£15 15s.**
Cross-bolt or my Treble-grip Action.
The above is the latest development of "The Gun of the Period," fitted with the newest and best Patent Ejector, combined with G. E. Lewis's Treble Grip.
We also make this Gun as a Non-Ejector, with treble-grip or cross-bolt action, at **12 GUINEAS** and upwards, or with top-lever and double-bolt from **10 GUINEAS**.
Our Stock of Sporting Guns and Rifles. Ready for Delivery, is the largest in England. Send for 200-page Illustrated Catalogue of finished Stock, giving bend, weight, and full description of every gun. We invite Sportsmen to come and inspect our Stock. Any Gun or Rifle may be tested at our Range before Purchase.
REPAIRS.—All kinds of Repairs by a Staff of the most Skilled Workmen in the Trade. Quotations Free.
Secondhand Guns by other Makers taken in Exchange.
GUN AND RIFLE WORKS.
G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday St., BIRMINGHAM.
(Established 1850.)

DIARRHŒA.

During the last half-century everyone travelling in hot climes has made a point of carrying some
Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne,
so as to be in a position to immediately stop an attack of
DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, or CHOLERA.
Hot weather in the British Isles strikes suddenly, and everyone should take a little precaution. Don't wait till you actually need the Chlorodyne; you might be driven to sending a careless messenger for the medicine you require, who might accept a substitute.

YOU WANT
Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

PETERS & SONS,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS
By appointment
To His Majesty King Edward VII. and
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
53, PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
LONDON, W.

Use the genuine
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER**
"The Universal Perfume."
For the Handkerchief,
Toilet and Bath.
Refuse all substitutes.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified
to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.
It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects.
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.
In Tins, 4s. 3d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of
Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son,
W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispie,
John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

Avoid Imitations!
The Most Delicious
Sweetmeat is—
PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Wholesale, S. J. Mackenzie & Co. Ltd. Dalston, London, N.E.

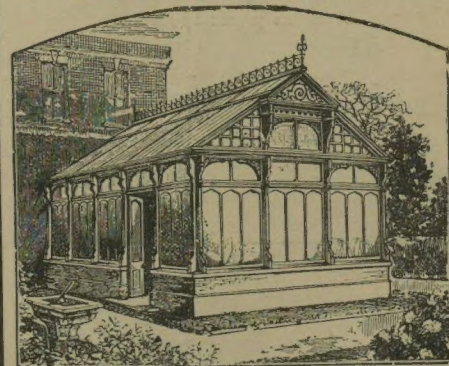
POUDRE d'AMOUR
A HIGH CLASS
TOILET POWDER
for the
COMPLEXION.
PURE & HARMLESS.
PRICE 1/- per box.
in three tints:
BLANCHE, NATURELLE & RACHEL.
MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON
says: "I wish to take this opportunity of saying that I have always used Poudre d'Amour for stage purposes, and have found it most delightfully refreshing and quite harmless to the skin."
To be obtained of all Hairdressers & Dealers.
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS LTD LONDON.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE

For Searches and Authentic Information respecting
ARMORIAL BEARINGS
and **FAMILY DESCENTS,**
Also for the Artistic Production of
Heraldic Painting, Engraving, and Stationery.
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.
Formerly 25, Cranbourn Street.
Gold Seals, Signet Rings, Desk Seals, Book Plates, Note-paper Dies, Visiting Cards, &c. Illustrated Price List post free.

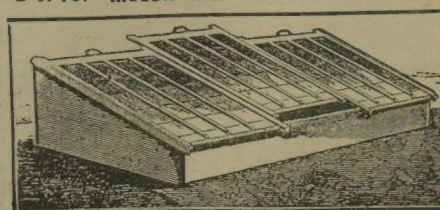
BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., NORWICH.

Horticultural
Builders,
CONSERVATORIES
DESIGNED TO SUIT ANY SITUATION.



ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.

No. 75.—MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.



4 ft. by 6 ft. ... £1 15 0 | 12 ft. by 6 ft. ... £3 15 0
8 ft. by 6 ft. ... 2 15 0 | 16 ft. by 6 ft. ... 4 15 0

GARDEN FRAMES IN GREAT VARIETY.

No. 77.—VIOLET FRAME, 6 ft. by 4 ft., similar to No. 75, with Two Lights ... } **30/-**

CARRIAGE PAID on orders of 40s. value to most Goods Stations in England and Wales.
Latest Illustrated Catalogue of Requisites for the Stable, Kennel, Poultry Yard, Park, Estate, Garden, &c., free on application.

Nothing is easier than to polish ladies' and children's shoes and keep them soft, rich-looking, and shiny as hope. Simply use what millions now use—
HAUTHAWAY'S PEERLESS GLOSS
Polishes easily, quickly. No acid, it's food to the leather and makes shoes grow old gracefully. Your shoe factor has Peerless Gloss or can get it. Genuine made only by C. L. Hauthaway & Sons, Boston, U.S.A.

DEAFNESS

And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.
A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.
Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Paper.
WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.
Drum in Position. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

All Martell's Brandies
are
Guaranteed Pure Grape.

SLEEP For Skin Tortured Babies and Rest For Tired Mothers



In Warm Baths with

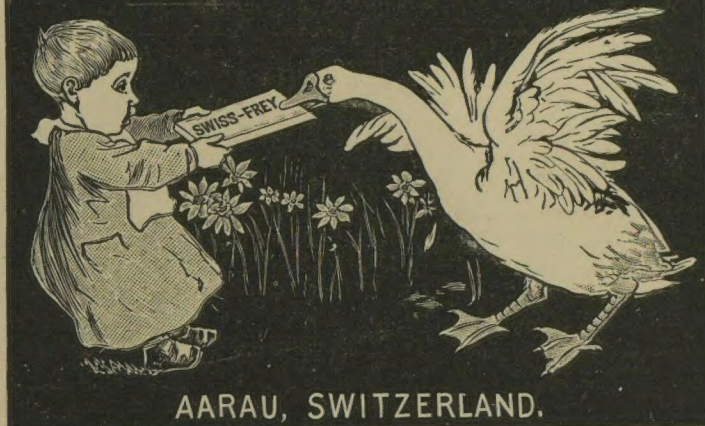
Cuticura SOAP

And gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients. It means instant relief and refreshing sleep for tortured, disfigured, itching, and burning babies, and rest for tired, fretted mothers, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 1s., Ointment, 2s. 6d., Resolvent, 2s. 6d. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 1s. 11-2d. per vial of 60). Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Boston, 137 Columbus Ave. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props.

Send for "How to Cure Baby Humours."

SWISS-FREY CHOCOLATE



AARAU, SWITZERLAND.

INDESCRIBABLY
DELECTABLE.

Particulars at
116, BAYHAM STREET, CAMDEN TOWN,
LONDON, N.W.

S. SMITH & SON,

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY. LTD.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty,
JEWELLERS and
CLOCKMAKERS, 9, STRAND.
Telephone No. 1939 Central.

WATCHES from £1 1s. to £900.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All our WATCHES, Clocks, and Jewellery can be purchased on "THE TIMES" System of MONTHLY PAYMENTS at Catalogue Prices.

Our Illustrated Catalogue or "Guide to the Purchase of a Watch," Book "A," 135 pages, 350 Illustrations, free by post. Ditto CLOCKS 'A' Ditto JEWELLERY 'A'

"STRAND" HALF-CHRONOMETER,
WITH DUST AND
DAMP-PROOF CAP.



Non-Magnetic.

18-ct. GOLD,
Full or Half
Hunting Cases,
£16 16s.
Crystal Glass,
£13 15s.

£1 1s.
extra.

SILVER.

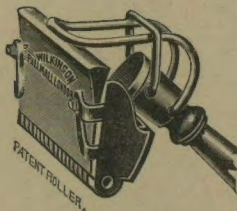
Full Hunting Cases,
£6 6s.
Half Hunting Cases,
£6 15s.
Crystal Glass,
£5 5s.

OUR ALL ENGLISH "STRAND" WATCHES ARE THE BEST VALUE EVER PRODUCED.

WILKINSON RAZORS

ARE WELL KNOWN for their FINE TEMPER

NEW PATENT
ROLLER SAFETY SHAYER.



Single Shaver, in case, 8s. 6d.
Shaver with two extra blades, in leather case, £1.
Shaver with four extra blades, £1 7s. 6d.
Shaver with six extra blades, £1 15s.

MADE BY
...THE...
KING'S
SWORD-
CUTLERS.

By return of Post on receipt of P.O.O. to DREW & SONS, Piccadilly Circus (Established 1844); JOHN FOUND & CO., 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent Street; 378, Strand, and 81, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; MAPPIN & WEBB, Ltd., 158, Oxford Street; 220, Regent St.; and 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.; or any Cutlers, Hairdressers, Silversmiths, Stores, &c. Write for Catalogue.

WILKINSONS, LTD., GUN, SWORD, AND RAZOR MAKERS,
PALL MALL HOUSE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge,
most agreeable to take.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON, FOR CONSTIPATION,

Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., London, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists.—A Box, 2s. 6d.

The *Lancet*, Oct. 12, 1880, says: "The medicament most pleasant to children, the Tamar Indien, is absent. An aperient which is as good as a bonbon from Boissier or Siraudin is so typical of French refinement and elegance in the little things of life that it certainly should have held a prominent place."

The World-Renowned CROWN LAVENDER SALTS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



1/-, 2/-, & 3/6,
Of all Chemists, Stores, &c.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK



HEWETSONS

INVITE AND RESPECTFULLY ADVISE INSPECTION OF THEIR
NEW GALLERIES AND SHOW-ROOMS NOW OPEN
Completely Equipped in every Department with HEWETSONS' Latest and
Exclusive Productions in High-Grade yet Inexpensive

FURNISHING & DECORATING

209—OPPOSITE GOODGE STREET—212,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" FINE-ART PLATES.

It is generally conceded by Artists that the method
of Reproduction by PHOTOGRAPHURE Process gives
the best results of their works in black and white.



"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."

After the Royal Academy Painting by
Marcus Stone, R.A.

A Photogravure 11½ in. by 22 in. Artist's Proofs, limited
to 200, £3 3s.; Unsigned Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s.
In Water Colours, 10s. 6d. extra.

Inspection Invited. Illustrated Book of Prices Free.

Apply PHOTOGRAPHURE DEPARTMENT, 198, STRAND, W.C.



HIS SHIP IN SIGHT.

After the Royal Academy Painting by
Marcus Stone, R.A.

Size and Price as "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

Agents for India: Messrs. CAMPBELL AND MEDLAND, Calcutta

ADAMS'S

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN" says: "Having made a fresh trial
of its virtues after considerable experience with other com-
pounds of the same nature, we feel no hesitation in
recommending its use to all housewives."

FURNITURE

POLISH.

Unequalled for its Brilliance and
Cleanliness.

It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots,
Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

GENT'S EIFFEL.

Silver,
£10 10s.

Full size, 24 in.

S. FISHER

188, STRAND.

THE
ORIGINAL
FIRM.

Established
1838.

Cases made
to
Customers'
Fittings.
Estimates
and Designs
Free.

LADY'S EIFFEL.

Silver,
£10 10s.

Lady's Case, in leather, lined with silk, convenient size, 16 in., fully fitted with
handsomely chased silver fittings, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

Gent's Case, leather, lined leather, 24 in., completely fitted, silver mounts as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

LADY'S
EIFFEL.

All
the Silver
Fittings
Handsomely
Chased after
SIR JOSHUA
REYNOLDS'
Celebrated
Picture.

Silver,
£30

The Mirror.

All
the Silver
Fittings
Handsomely
Chased after
SIR JOSHUA
REYNOLDS'
Celebrated
Picture.

Silver Fittings
chased
to any required
design.

Catalogues Free.

One of Fisher's latest designs. A charming Case. Real
crocodile. Silver fittings throughout of the beautiful Cherub design. Eminently suitable for a wedding present.

Large size,
27 in.

GENT'S
EIFFEL.

Silver,
£23

Gent's Case, 27 in., fitted silver mounts, ivory brushes, as shown. Price complete, £23.